

WITH PRESENTATION PLATE.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



Christmas
Number. 1925

No. 4518A. Vol. 167. November. 1925.

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Abdulla
The Flag of Truce



ABDULLA SUPERB **CIGARETTES**



The Illustrated London News

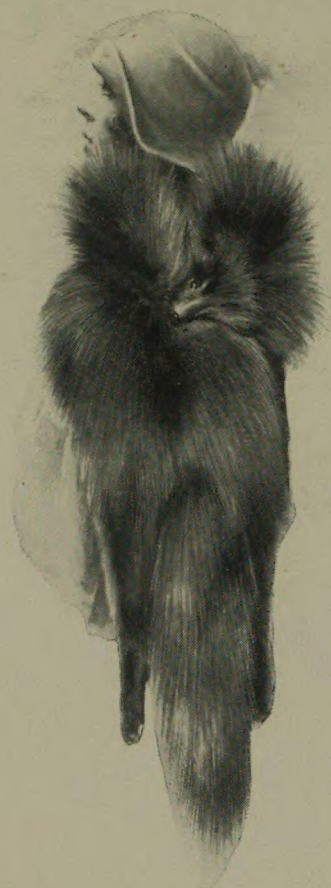
Christmas Number.



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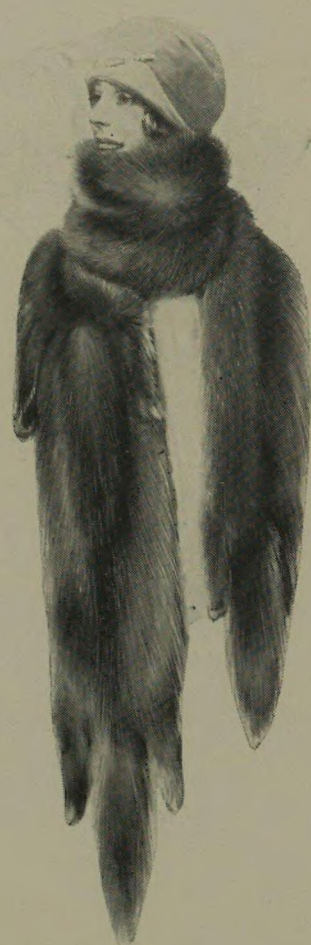
In natural Russian Sable, from	.. 29 Gns.
In blended Russian Sable, from	.. 12 Gns.
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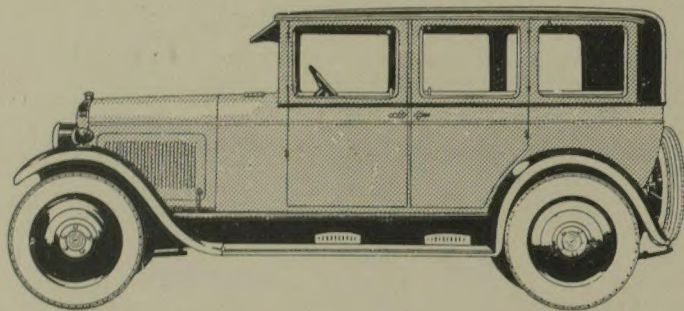
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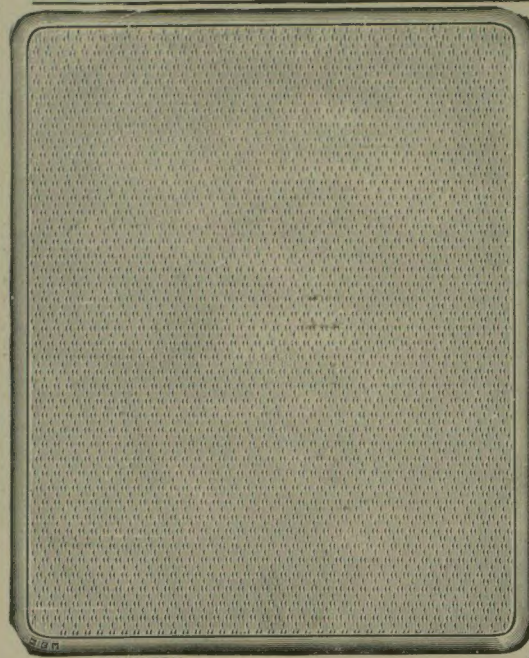
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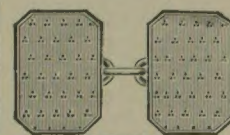
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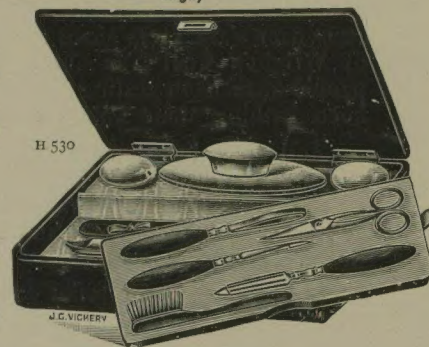
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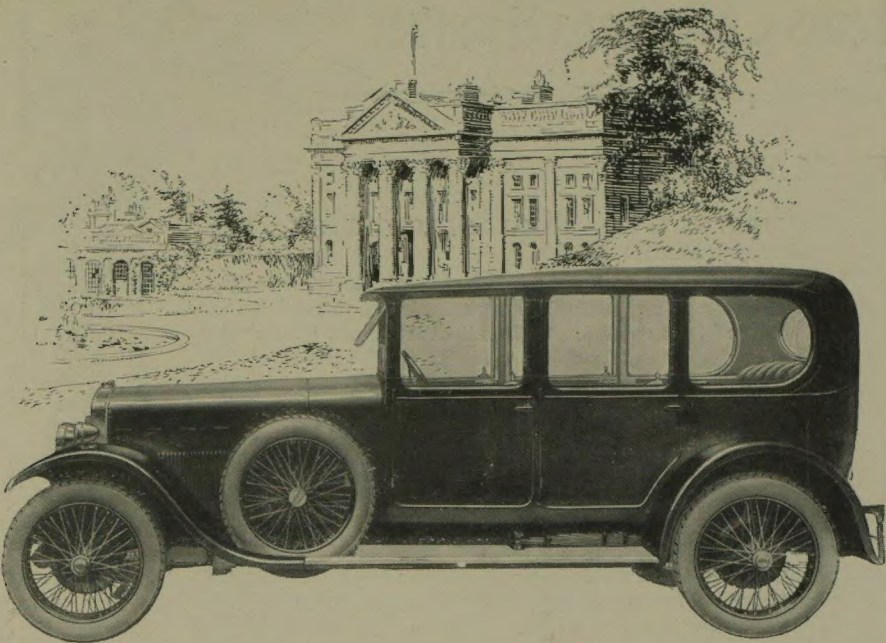


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SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

COVER DESIGN. A Painting by MARCEL BLOCH.

A charming picture by a French artist of a little Victorian lady in her blue poke bonnet and crinoline, her neck encircled with fur and her hands in a big fur muff, as though setting forth to church on Christmas morning.

PRESENTATION PLATE.

A splendid three-quarter-length portrait of the Prince of Wales by John St. Helier Lander, entitled "Royal Friends." This picture was specially done for *The Illustrated London News*, and shows our sporting Prince in a "Fair Isle" sweater and a cap, holding his favourite Cairn terrier.

WHERE THE PLUM-PUDDING WENT TO. A Drawing by LAWSON WOOD.

A jovial picture of a British "Bobby" who has evidently been heartily celebrating the festive season.

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT. A Salon Picture by C. MARTIN PRÉGNIARD.

The number opens with this beautiful colour-plate reproduced from Mme. Martin Prégniard's picture exhibited in the Paris Salon under the title of "La Divinité Amie."

ALPHA AND OMEGA. A Reproduction in Colours from a Painting by DAPHNE ALLEN.

A very beautiful picture by Miss Daphne Allen, who, it will be remembered, became known a few years ago as a child artist of remarkable ability. Her work, which deals principally with religious subjects, first appeared in a book called "A Child's Visions." The picture we reproduce illustrates a passage from "Revelation," which is quoted underneath it.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FAMILY LIFE FROM OLD MASTERS.

This is a set of three reproductions which are interesting not only as the work of Old Masters, but also from their subjects, which illustrate the family life of the 18th century, a century whose dramatic and literary productions are so popular to-day.

THE PUPPET FLORAMOR. A Story by DOROTHY MARGARET STUART. Illustrated by G. A. MOSSA.

A fantastic little story of the tragic love-affair of the Marquis and the puppet-show assistant, who declares his love through the medium of his marionettes.

A CORNISH CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE. A Drawing by S. H. SIME.

This characteristic drawing of S. H. Sime, who is so well known as a master of fantasy, is inspired by a Cornish rhyme in the form of a supplementary verse to the Litany.

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY. TREE BURNING "TO WARM THE INFANT JESUS." A Drawing by REGINALD CLEAVER.

Christmas customs and traditions are almost universal, but the tree-burning "to warm the Infant Jesus," which Mr. Reginald Cleaver here illustrates, is surely one of the most picturesque. It is a Christmas Day custom of certain villages on the Lake of Como.

CAPTAIN SPARHAWK. A Story by MILDRED CRAM. Illustrated by WARWICK REYNOLDS.

A stirring and somewhat sinister story of "black magic" and adventure in the Caribbean Sea. It tells of Captain Sparhawk's efforts to protect Mary Carford from her husband's cruelty, and to overcome Carford's practices of "voodoo," or native witchcraft.

SCENES FROM BIBLICAL HISTORY. Four Full-Page Colour Plates from Pictures by EDMUND DULAC.

The well-known artist, Mr. Edmund Dulac, here gives us, in characteristic and beautiful colour-plates, his conception of certain famous Biblical incidents—"The Expulsion from Eden," "The Flood," "The Doom of Lot's Wife," and "The Death of Samson." This series is to be continued in the current issues of *The Illustrated London News*.

A TOY HARLEQUINADE. A Reproduction in Colour of a Painting by JEAN COTTENET.

This picture, reproduced in colour, appeared in the Paris Salon with the title "L'Heure Espagnole." The toys have come to life, and Columbine has deserted both Harlequin and Pierrot for the more solid attentions of a Teddy Bear.

"MEMORIES." By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Illustrated by MAUD EARL.

All dog-lovers—and, indeed, all lovers of dumb animals—will appreciate this reprint of Galsworthy's delightful "Memories" of his black spaniel. "Chris" captures all hearts from his first arrival, "soft, wobbly, and tearful," from the train at Waterloo. It is charmingly illustrated by Miss Maud Earl, the well-known animal painter.

THE CHILD WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IN FAIRIES.

A Double-Page Colour Reproduction of a Picture by ELEANOR BRICKDALE.

Poor Tinker Bell would appeal in vain if all modern children were like this little girl, who refused to believe in fairies. Puss in Boots is seen in an attitude of pleading at her side, and many other fairyland favourites are doing their best to prove their existence, as she sits on the hearth looking for faces in the fire.

TYBURN TREE. A Double-Page in Colours by E. H. SHEPARD. With Verses by BARBARA BINGLEY.

The daintiness of Shepard's art is an asset of any Christmas Number. In this instance, he illustrates the love-story of a highwayman, and the grim but picturesque details of his last ride to Tyburn, as told in verse by Barbara Bingley.

THE SIGHT OF THE EYES. A Story by AGNES MUIR MACKENZIE. Illustrated by W. R. S. STOTT.

An uncanny tale, about a man haunted by a pair of eyes, which leaves one puzzled and doubtful even after a rational explanation of the phenomenon.

DRESSING DOLLY FOR THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

A Reproduction in Colours from the Pastel by MISS CUMBRAE STEWART.

This attractive picture was shown at Miss Cumbrae Stewart's exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery, and was entitled "Childhood."

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES FOR NOAH. A Picture in Colours by LAWSON WOOD.

Children are usually very particular about practical details, and two small people are here providing their Noah's Ark with a realistic deluge.

BARBARA ROSTER-WEYMOUTH. A Story by ETHEL HOLDSWORTH. Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

This is a love-story with a distinctly original touch, about a village girl born with a spice of artistic genius in her composition, and the two rivals—artist and yokel—who decide by fisticuffs whether her fate is to be an artistic career or a life of rustic toil.

RED RIDING HOOD AND THE GRINNING WILLOW. A Coloured Painting by VITALIS MORIN, with Verses by D. M. S.

A charming illustration to a favourite fairy tale. The verses, entitled "Chaperon Rouge, Run Home," are the warning of the grinning willow-tree to Red Riding Hood.

GRISELDA; RIQUET WITH THE TUFT; and JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. Three Full-Page Colour Plates by FELIX DE GRAY.

We give again, as in our last Christmas Number, some of Mr. Felix de Gray's charmingly decorative illustrations to familiar fairy tales.

AMID SNOW AND ICE: CHRISTMAS AMONG BRITISH GAME BIRDS. Reproductions in Colours from Water-Colour Drawings by J. C. HARRISON.

"Partridges in the Snow" and "Jack Snipe" are two typical examples of Mr. J. C. Harrison's excellent bird studies, and they are exceptionally appropriate to the present Christmas season.

CHRISTMAS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. Verses by DOROTHY MARGARET STUART. Illustrated by C. E. TURNER.

Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart and Mr. C. E. Turner have collaborated in this set of verses and colour drawings to recall in a delightful way the spirit of old-time Christmas a hundred years ago, along with the costumes and social customs of the period.

THE WHITE BISHOP'S MOVE. A Story by E. WINCH.

Even to-day, slave-dealing is not quite extinct. This story tells how a colonial Bishop manages to frustrate the plans of a slave-dealer in the Sudan, and so "saves thirty souls."



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The
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

FROM THE PAINTING ENTITLED "LA DIVINITÉ AMIE," BY MME. CLOTILDE MARTIN-PRÉGNARD, EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON
(SOCIÉTÉ DES ARTISTES FRANÇAIS) 1923.



"ALPHA AND OMEGA."

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: . . . And being turned I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot. . . . His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; . . . and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; . . . And he had in his right hand seven stars; . . . and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength."—*Revelation 1., 10-16.*

FROM THE DRAWING BY DAPHNE ALLEN, IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. W. E. ELLIS.

Eighteenth Century Family Life from Old Masters.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY J. S. COPLEY, R.A. (1737-1815) (BY COURTESY OF CAPTAIN OSBERT SITWELL) AND GEORGE ROMNEY (BY COURTESY OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND)
OWNER'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN EACH CASE.



BUILDING CARD
CASTLES:
"THE SITWELL
FAMILY, 1787,"
BY
J. S. COPLEY, R.A.

The Sitwell family, of whose eighteenth century forebears this picture gives an interesting glimpse, is notable to-day for a trio of distinguished poets and writers—a sister and two brothers—namely, Miss Edith Sitwell, Captain Osbert Sitwell, and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell. They are the children of Sir George Sitwell, Bt., of Renishaw Hall, Derbyshire, and grandchildren (through their mother) of the first Earl of Londesborough.



A ROUND
DANCE:
"THE GOWER
CHILDREN,"
BY
GEORGE ROMNEY.

This beautiful Romney belongs to the Duke of Sutherland. Gower is the family name, derived from Sir Thomas Gower, who was made a Baronet in 1620. His descendant, the second Earl Gower, who succeeded in 1754, became Marquess of Stafford in 1786. The latter's son, the second Marquess, had married in 1785 Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland, and was created Duke of Sutherland in 1833.

Eighteenth Century Family Life from Old Masters.

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY WALTON (1745-1813). REPRODUCED BY C. STEWART OF THE OWNER, CARRIAGE OFFICE, ST. JAMES'S. (OWNER'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



BUYING CHERRIES FROM A STREET VENDOR:
"THE FRUIT BARROW (THE WALTON FAMILY)," BY HENRY WALTON.



It may have been the absence of her husband that made the Marquise so melancholy.

THE PUPPET FLORAMOR

by

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART

Illustrated by G. A. MOSSA

IT may have been the absence of her husband that made the Marquise so melancholy; on the other hand, it may have been the prospect of his return. For the siege of La Rochelle, though long-drawn-out, was not particularly perilous to the besiegers. Nabot the dwarf had his own opinion, which he imparted to no one.

It irked Nabot not a little when his lady paid no more heed to his quips than to the hoarse screeching of the gaily coloured birds round her favourite fountain. Wherefore, when he happened to hear, during one of his sorties from the castle, that a troop of performing puppets had arrived at the village inn, he hurried to the presence of the Marquise to tell her what he had heard.

"We are all puppets, my good imp," said she, when he had told her. "Though not all of wood."

"Then," squeaked Nabot, with a grimace of disappointment, "these wooden kinsfolk of ours are not to be bidden to the castle?"

She answered with an impatient flick of her half-furled fan.

"Why, then," cried Nabot, "I see before me a most wonderful sight."

"What sight, dwarf?"

"Nothing more or less than a child who has broken all its old toys and yet would play with no new ones."

"A broken toy," said the Marquise, "may hurt the hand that breaks it. As for these great dolls of yours, think you I have seen none such?"

"Assuredly, Madonna, you have seen none such. I, who was the Grand Duke of Tuscany's dwarf ere I was yours, have seen none. They are as large as life. And the puppet-master has a voice one cannot forget."

"I have heard few voices that I would fain remember," mused the Marquise.

"But none like this man's, Madonna. Nor have you seen puppets like his. I saw them. The ostler let me stand on his shoulder and peep through the trap-door of the loft over the barn. I saw a fat, fat crone. And a scowling fellow in a plumed hat. A youth, with a nose like the Grand Duke's nose. And a pink lady with yellow hair. All larger than life, Madonna."

At that the Marquise smiled—faintly, indeed, but Nabot had not seen her smile at all since word came that the siege of La Rochelle was like to be raised ere long.

Next day there was a sudden commotion behind the hastily rigged cotton curtain in the loft above the inn barn. Melchior, the puppet-master, was in search of his man. Wooden hands waggled and wooden heels clicked as he thrust his way past the dangling figures to the corner where Tissart, his assistant, enjoyed the inestimable privilege of a truckle-bed to himself. Upon that bed Tissart happened to be seated, with a book upon his patched knees.

"Tissart," cried Melchior (he pronounced it *Tithard*, but some people believed him when he said he was not a Jew). "Pig of a poet, wake up! We are to play at the castle to-night. Do you hear?"

"I hear," said Tissart.

"We will play 'Floramor et Clélie.' You must get ready some new verses, sweet verses, such as ladies love. Do you see?"

"I see," said Tissart, not troubling to lift his eyes from his book, which, oddly enough, was Theocritus in the original Greek.

Melchior scowled down his nose. (It was a Babylonian nose, but a few simple souls believed him when he said he was a Moldo-Wallachian Christian), and wished he dared utter the angry words that climbed to his lips. But he dared not.

Without the aid of Tissart to furbish up faded old comedies, he, who had no learning and less invention, would have been in sorry case; lacking the voice of Tissart to speak the lines of the hero and heroine, he, whose guttural lisp was suited only to the heavy father or still heavier mother-in-law, would have had to relinquish his puppet show and revert to his original calling of old-clothes-monger. It was in the exercise of that calling that he had acquired, some three years previously, his family of almost life-sized marionettes. A chance conversation with young Tissart, then a starveling student at the Sorbonne, selling his threadbare doublets to buy Greek texts, had led to their setting forth, together with a donkey-cart full of clattering, jangling dolls, to trudge the remoter provinces of France. Just what had happened about that time to make Tissart abandon his academic career, Melchior never knew. It was probably nothing more sinister than an access of stark poverty. Tissart, for his part, was vaguely aware that the Jew had been unfortunate



"Pig of a poet, wake up!"

enough to attract the unfavourable attention of certain of Richelieu's secret agents, and had therefore every reason to wish to absent himself from Paris awhile.

The Semitic instinct for stagecraft stood Melchior in good stead when he took the road; but for the skill to concoct sweet rhymes and the accents to utter them he was wholly dependent upon Tissart. It was the younger man, too, who by deft readjustments of wire and string could make the puppets strut and gesticulate with new energy and grace.

"*'Floramor et Clélie,'*" repeated Melchior, after an angry pause. "The doublet I bought of that lacquey at Tours will not be much too large for Floramor. It is blue. You remember, Tissart?"

"I remember," said Tissart.

This time he deigned to raise his eyes. Most men have some unsuspected foible, and Tissart's was a secret passion for fine clothes. Though slight and not over-tall, he had a good figure, well planned and well poised. This he knew. And he envied the puppet Floramor that beautiful blue doublet worn not long since by one of King Louis' lords.

"Clélie will do well enough," lisped Melchior, ticking off his remarks on his tawny fingers. "And I can curl the plumes of the Duke her husband with his own lath dagger. *Belle-maman's* coit needs washing. The wench at the inn might wash it for a kiss from you, Tissart."

"Thank you," said Tissart drily. "Not from *me*."

"Then, at least," urged Melchior, "you will lend me your comb. Floramor's wig is in a devil of a state."

Tissart closed his Theocritus with a sigh, and extricated from the wallet where he kept his few books and still fewer shirts and ruffles a forlorn fragment of a comb, whereupon Melchior proceeded to sleek the black hempen locks of the puppet Floramor. Just lately Tissart had taken an unreasoning dislike to that particular puppet, in whose profile he thought he discerned a weird resemblance to that of its proprietor. He watched bitterly while the blue doublet was buttoned round its timber torso, and sighed again as the Mechlin ruffles were knotted round its rigid neck.

That night the puppet play of "*Floramor et Clélie*" was duly and most successfully performed at the Château de Maugency. Tissart spoke from behind a green-painted cloth, while Melchior, in the shadow of a great gold-coloured curtain, pulled the wires that made the mannikins move. The wires worked well. Tissart's voice came to the ears of the Marquise in clear and haunting cadences as he recited the half-wistful,

half-playful little poems he had written to celebrate the loves and sorrows of the two star-crossed marionettes. The voice which had so impressed Nabot when he heard it at the inn had been Melchior's; but the Marquise, thinking otherwise, marvelled that the dwarf should have had wit enough to perceive the charm of the voice that she herself now heard.

Floramor, brave in his too-large doublet of blue slashed with crimson, was bowing to Clélie, wooden fingers pressed on wooden heart. To the right and left of them stood the jealous Duke, Clélie's husband, and the many-chinned ventripotent *belle-maman*. It was just then that Tissart noticed a small gash in the painted cloth, and bethought him that if he ducked his head he might have a peep at the Marquise. Her chair was set three steps above the floor-level, and at first he could only see her hands, idly folded on her silken knee. Tissart had never seen such hands before, though he may have dreamt of them. Long, small hands, as warmly white as the outer petals of a rose which blushes softly at the core. There were rings upon them, set with quivering emeralds and iris-tinted pearls, but rings could add nothing to the beauty of Marguerite de Maugency's most beautiful hands. Then Tissart ducked his head a little lower and saw her face. Of such a face as hers he had not dreamed.

The play proceeded. The puppets spoke, now in the hoarse lisp of Melchior, now in the fluting voice of the poet. The puppet Duke plunged his wooden dagger with a fine flourish into the ribs of the puppet Floramor. The last lines of the epilogue were drowned in a crash of applause. But something had happened to Tissart. For the moment he knew as little as the puppet Floramor what it might be. Later, sitting alone on his truckle couch among the dangling dolls, he knew. But upon that perturbing knowledge he was not allowed to meditate long. Melchior, abandoning his more luxurious repose in the second-best bed-chamber of the inn, clambered up through the trap-door and burst rudely in upon his reverie. Great news! He, Melchior, was to wait upon the Marquise the next morning. They were to give their show again at the castle the next night, and yet again the night after that. Here was Tissart's cue. Now let him ply his music!

Oddly enough, the puppet-master returned from the castle in no very amiable mood next day. Not that the Marquise had changed her mind. Two more performances, perhaps more than two, were to take place. But, strange to say, the Marquise had not believed Melchior when he mentioned, incidentally, that he was a Moldo-Wallachian Christian. She had observed in Italian to her dwarf that in that case Moses and Aaron were Moldo-Wallachian Christians also. Being, like most of his race, a man of many tongues, Melchior had understood. And that was vexation number one. Vexation number two: the Marquise had perceived at once that *his* was not the voice that had charmed her ear, and that he knew no more about Strephon and Tityrus and Dirce than he knew about the Seven Sages of China. Therefore—there was an ugly glitter in the puppet-master's eye as he said it—therefore must Tissart betake himself to the castle forthwith, bearing all the texts of all the comedies that the puppets could play. They were to be read aloud to the Marquise, an act at a time, by Tissart.

"Thank you," said Tissart. "Not by *me*."

"Not by *you*, you miserable ragamuffin?" roared Melchior, aghast.

"Nay, you have spoken the word," retorted Tissart, hoisting up first one lean elbow and then the other, to show how the bone had pierced the sleeve. His employer suddenly began to cringe.

"Sweet Monsieur Tissart, I have some skill with my needle. Sweet Master Tissart, thread is not dear. Leave it to me. I—I will pay for the thread. The lady loves poetry. Think how easy it will be for you to content her—you whose head is stuffed with it!"

"Not in this coat," said Tissart firmly. "Nay, not if it were darned with threads of purple and gold. But there is an alternative. Floramor's new doublet. It is much too large for *him*, but it would be only a little, if at all, too small for me."

"Floramor's new doublet," echoed Melchior, disconcerted. "The blue one?"

"It is a pity," mused Tissart, seeing that the fellow would yield, "it is a great pity that Floramor's shoes are too small. One of mine lacks a heel, and the other gapes at the toe. But I can borrow the roses from the shoes of *belle-maman*. They are very large, like her."

So it befell that Nabot the dwarf, curled up in the silken shadow of his mistress's train, recognised the raiment of the puppet Floramor on the thin shoulders of the poet Tissart. Not so the Marquise. Or, at least, not then. Tissart himself interested her too keenly for her to be conscious either of the splendour of his doublet or the dejection of his shoes. She had half-feared that the contrast might be painful between the voice she had heard and the face she had not seen. One long glance was enough to reassure her.

Attended only by Nabot, who ambled beside her on the gentle mastiff that was his usual mount, she led the wondering Tissart to her curtained bower on the terrace above her favourite fountain. The romanesque walls of Maugency, red-hued and far-flung, loomed on the horizon like an ominous sunset frozen into stone.

Only Nabot was near when Tissart read aloud to her the plaintive lyrics and the pretty pastoral fancies with which he had embroidered the faded woof of "*Floramor et Clélie*" for her delight. After an hour the dwarf was despatched upon his mastiff to bid the major-domo send a collation to the bower. Presently lacqueys came, bearing wine in goblets of golden glass, pomegranates and peaches in silver-gilt vessels, and sugared almonds heaped high in a nautilus shell that stood on a slender

stem of silver. Tissart, having not the faintest doubt that he was in heaven, wondered if he were also dead. When, at the hour of parting, she bade him come again on the morrow, he decided that he was still among the living, and that it was, after all, worth while to be alive.

There were just six plays in the repertory of Melchior's dolls, and for a week one of them was acted each night at the Château de Maugency. Each day Tissart had spent an enchanted hour or two with the Marquise on the terrace above the fountain. Nabot was always with them, but Nabot was not always awake. The dwarf swore that the sound of the poet's voice made him drowsy. On the seventh night the Marquise decreed that "Floramor et Clélie" should be played again. It was on the seventh day that, recognising the form and colour of Tissart's beloved doublet, she took to calling him by the name of the puppet Floramor.

"Could you not write a new play, all new and all your own, Floramor?" she asked him, while they sat watching the silver shuddering of the fountain below the terrace.

"Madame la Marquise," he made answer, "it is written already. It was begun on the day that I first saw this your garden. I finished it at dawn to-day."

"Your puppets must play it here," said the Marquise.

"Madame la Marquise, that could never be."

The silence that followed was broken only by the soft, steady snoring of Nabot the dwarf.

"Madame," began Tissart desperately, "you do not ask me why it could never be, and for that I thank you. To-night for the last time the puppets will play for you, and I shall speak behind my painted screen. To-night the puppet Floramor shall quote three poor stanzas from the

play that you can never hear. Three stanzas that begin and end with the same phrase."

"Tell me," said the Marquise, "so that I may know when the time comes."

"*Puisque l'amour le veut,*" stuttered Tissart, in a voice she would not have recognised as his. "And, Madame, when you have heard, if you are even a little—ah, so little—pleased, Floramor, he who is no puppet, will be, for that little hour, a King."

"A King in motley, Floramor; a King for less than an hour! Still, even so, it is something to have been a King. And when I have listened thrice to all the old plays, you will let me hear your new one, Floramor."

"Madame la Marquise, that could never be."

He had risen, and when she rose also he took three quick backward steps to widen the space that parted them.

"Tell me why, Floramor," she said pitilessly.

"Because Floramor is a puppet, a poor thing of wood and wire. He must remember that he is a puppet. He must remember that he is not a man."

"It seems, then," she said softly, "that even a puppet can feel."

"He can, at least, suffer, Madame."

"Suffer, and yet not love?"

"He might love, Madame—a puppet like himself."

With a queer, stiff gesture she raised both her arms and held them out to him, as the puppet Clélie held out her wooden arms to the wooden Floramor. "A puppet like himself, Floramor," she whispered. "A puppet like himself."

He flung up his hands blindly, and stood as if he were trying to ward off an invisible avalanche that threatened to crush him to death. He



Floramor was bowing to Clélie, wooden fingers pressed on wooden heart.

said no word, but she could hear him breathing fast, and she almost thought she could hear the tortured striving of his heart.

Her arms dropped slowly to her sides again. Presently there was a deep yawn somewhere near her golden-shod feet. Nabot was waking up. When he was wide awake he saw, in the distance, a man in a blue silk doublet stumbling in blind haste through the clipped yews towards the postern-gate.

"Why," croaked he, "there goes Floramor."

"The puppet Floramor," murmured the Marquise.

He heard the thick tears in her voice, and said nothing. Only to himself he said, "She has hurt her hand in breaking that poor toy."

Since the puppet-show had tarried at Maugency the hatred of the puppet-master for his hireling had grown more and more intense. In one of their brawls over the blue doublet Tissart had let fall a foolish threat that he would tell the Cardinal's agents something that they would be greatly interested to hear. It was a shot in the dark, but it went home. From that hour Melchior hated Tissart with an insane hatred born of envy and fear. And all the bounties showered by the Marquise on the dumbfounded poet were so many envenomed arrows in the breast of the Moldo-Wallachian. He was taken aback when

thrilling with despair, rang from behind the green curtain, the mannikin swung round and clattered down upon its knees, not at the feet of Clélie, but at the foot of the shallow steps before the gilded chair of the Marquise.

Melchior gave an audible yelp of rage. Nabot laughed. But the Marquise did not even smile.

*"Puisque l'amour le veut
Je serai moi..."*

There was little merit, and less originality, in the poor poem which Tissart repeated to the Marquise through the plaster lips of the puppet. The image was well worn, the idea very far from new. But into the writing and into the uttering of it he had put all the pent-up, passionate despair of his heart.

What had happened to the Marquise? Was there really witchcraft about? She had raised her beautiful hands to the dusky folds of her hair; she had lifted the circlet from her own brows, and, bending low from her throne, she solemnly crowned the puppet Floramor. Into the angle of his wooden arm she thrust the fan-stick that was so strangely like a sceptre.

Her guests wondered if she had lost her wits. "By reason of sorrow at this long absence of her lord," whispered one to another, with a



With a queer, stiff gesture she raised both her arms and held them out to him.

Tissart received with outward unconcern the information that the performance of "Floramor et Clélie" would be their last at Maugency. Was it possible, thought Melchior, that when he left that pleasant spot his hireling proposed to remain behind! It seemed inconceivable. And yet one never knew. The Marquise was manifestly mad. And such a change had come over the looks of the crew while meagre and colourless poet that Melchior sometimes wondered whether witchcraft were not at the root of the change.

That night, which was to be their last at Maugency, the puppet-master noticed that Tissart was more than usually nervous, and that his sheaves of manuscript escaped thrice from his shaking hands to flutter about the floor behind the painted cloth.

Presently a rustle of silks, and a groaning of heavy chairs thrust into place, told them that the company had assembled and the play might begin. Tissart did not peep through the friendly gash to which he had bent his head so often. If he had, he would have seen, as Melchior saw, that on the dusky folds of her hair the Marquise had set an emerald-studded coronet strangely like a crown, and that there was a long fan-handle strangely like a sceptre in her nervously-stirring right hand. While Melchior gazed at her, Tissart was busy with the wires that governed the movements of the puppet Floramor. The first episode in the next act would be the declamation of the poem, *Puisque l'amour le veut*, and the poet had his own idea as to the attitude in which the puppet should be made to repeat his lines.

The scene began. The puppet Clélie stood smiling and inane. As Tissart began to speak, Melchior jerked the strings that ought to have precipitated the puppet Floramor at the wooden feet of his beloved. But what had happened to the puppet Floramor? As Tissart's voice,

queer smile. Nobody looked so unconcerned as Nabot the dwarf, but to himself he was saying: "A broken toy may hurt the hand that breaks it."

When once the puppet had been haled beyond the painted cloth, a violent scene was enacted between Tissart and Melchior. But both men, excited though they were, remembered to keep their voices low.

"Pig of a poet, let go!" gurgled the Jew, gripping the loins of the puppet Floramor.

"The crown is for me," gasped Tissart, white as death. "The sceptre is for me! Ask her. . . . She will tell you that it is so!"

"You are mad," grunted Melchior. "You or she . . . the pair of ye. Let go!" There was a sound of rasping and rending, and the doll, breaking asunder at the midriff, collapsed, a clattering bundle, on to the floor between them. "Ten thousand devils!" moaned the Jew. "Now we cannot finish the play!"

"We can," said Tissart, in a new, quiet voice. "We must. Do you your part, and I will do mine. I will be Floramor."

"You! You are too tall. A man cannot be stabbed to death by a doll."

"I can seem to fall upon the blade," returned Tissart, fixing the coronet of the Marquise firmly on his brown hair. "See you that it is in the right position, with the point upward. Then it will snap beneath my weight as I fall."

"You are mad," reiterated Melchior. "If the Marquis return, we shall all be whipped at the cart-tail. Let be. You shall not again wear the doublet of Floramor."



The mannikin swung round and clattered down upon its knees, not at the feet of Clélie, but . . . before the gilded chair of the Marquise.

"What?" hinted Tissart, swiftly buttoning the blue doublet over his only presentable shirt. "What—must I then tell the Cardinal all I know?"

If it had been the burning vest of Nessus the Jew could not have relaxed his hold on it more rapidly than he did at the sound of this implied menace. With a muttered curse in a language which was certainly not that of the Moldo-Wallachian Christians, he began to hack and hew the warped and dislocated wires protruding from the limp carcass of the puppet.

Tissart, meanwhile, with the aid of a coil of spare wire and string, was hurriedly fixing loops and cords to his own ankles and wrists.

"Lend me that sharp knife of yours," he said to Melchior.

"I need it more than you do," retorted the Jew, with conviction.

With deft, desperate fingers, Tissart attached the knotted ends to Floramor's special bunch of wires and called to Melchior to come.

"Do you not see," growled Melchior, "that I am busy tying the dagger into the puppet Duke's hand?"

"I see," said Tissart, as usual, without looking round. "Are you sure that it is point upwards?"

"I am sure."

"Come then. You must hold the strings, but you may not tug at them. To-night the puppet Floramor can walk alone."

"He is mad," thought the Jew. "And everyone must see it."

A hush, followed by a low hum of surprise, greeted Tissart's appearance when the next act began. On his head was the circlet wherewith the Marquise had crowned the puppet Floramor; in his left hand he held the plumeless fan-stick that was so strangely like a sceptre. Walking in jerks, and moving his arms stiffly from the sockets, he approached the blankly smiling Clélie, whose yellow wig hardly reached the level of his chin.

The Marquise watched him like a woman in a dream.

Then Melchior tugged at the wires, and from behind the golden curtain slowly and unsteadily emerged the puppet Duke, with a dagger in his fist that seemed oddly bright for a dagger of lath. For the second time that night Tissart spoke his poem, the only fragment of his only play that human ears were ever to hear. He held out his arms to the puppet Clélie, but his eyes never wavered in their gaze towards the pale

face of the discrowned Marquise. Nearer and nearer came the ominous figure of the puppet Duke, its cork-heeled shoes tapping lightly on the floor.

Still speaking Floramor's lines, still mindful that he must move as though governed by the wires in Melchior's hand, Tissart swung stiffly round and confronted the marionette.

"Ah, traître!"

Melchior's guttural lisp faltered a little as he spoke the words assigned to that avenging form—

"Ah, traître, c'est ainsi que je vous trouve enfin!"

It was a grotesque spectacle, the duel that followed between the marionette and the man. Only at the very end, when he swayed and fell with all his force upon the upturned blade, did Tissart cease to gaze earnestly towards the gilded chair of the Marquise.

A moment after he had fallen, he rolled over on his back, and his hands and feet jerked once or twice, with a hoarse jangling of wires. There was a murmur of applause, but no Melchior stepped forward to bow his thanks.

Then the Marquise rose, followed only by Nabot the dwarf, and, descending the steps of her daïs, she stood within a few paces of the prostrate stroller.

"Let Floramor rise," she said.

But Floramor did not rise.

Suddenly, with a low cry, she dropped on her knees beside him. Only Nabot was near enough to hear what passed.

Tissart opened his eyes and saw the Marquise. Melchior's knife was hidden in the folds of the blue doublet, but across the gaily coloured slashings on the left side was crawling a stain of deeper crimson.

"Floramor," sobbed the Marquise. "Speak to me!"

Tissart obeyed, and his words were the last in the tragi-comedy of the puppet Floramor.

"Puisque l'amour le veut," he said, and, so saying, died.

"Decidedly," thought Nabot the dwarf, as he listened to the muffled sobs of the Marquise, "decidedly she hurt her hand in breaking that poor toy." THE END.



A CORNISH CHRISTMAS LITANY.

FROM THE DRAWING BY S. H. SIME.



From Ghoulies and Ghoosties,
Long-leggety Beasties,
And Things that go Bump in the night,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Old Cornish Litany.

Christmas in Italy: Tree-Burning "to Warm the Infant Jesus."

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER.



A CHRISTMAS MORNING CUSTOM BY THE LAKE OF COMO: BURNING A "TREE" OF EVERGREENS AND FLOWERS, TO WHICH ALL THE CONGREGATION CONTRIBUTE.

"Quaint and often charming traditions, customs, and ceremonies," writes Mr. Reginald Cleaver in a note on his drawing, "are to be found everywhere, but nowhere are they more abundant than in Italy. An Italian commune, or district, almost always has its own festivals to observe, and unique functions usually distinguish them. Or again, a world-wide fête will be kept or solemnised in a manner, or with additions, entirely local. As an instance, for Christmas Day in the villages within a certain

area on the Lake of Como, a tree is built, supported on three poles in tripod fashion. It is made of evergreens and flowers—bay, olive, myrtle, laurel, late roses, and so forth, to which all contribute. After the first Mass—at about 6.30 a.m.—it is set on fire, and as the congregation leaves church it blazes up, and they watch it burn. Traditionally, the tree is built and burnt 'to warm the Infant Jesus.'"



Captain Sparhawk

A COMPLETE NOVEL IN LITTLE.

By MILDRED CRAM, Author of "Stranger Things," "The Tide," etc.

Illustrated by WARWICK REYNOLDS.

THE island of Saint Hubert, a British possession, lies in the almond-green water of the Caribbean, and is one of the Windward Isles. A pin-point on the map, it surprises the traveller by its bulk. Ships ride at anchor in its harbour like toy ships before a colossal back-drop. Its people are black, graceful, lazy, and superstitious. They speak the concise English of Piccadilly.

When Joel Sparhawk first caught sight of Saint Hubert he experienced a pleasant tingle along his spine. It was vaguely, disturbingly familiar, this place. And he found it desirable beyond any island he had run across in all his complicated wanderings. He brought his ship, the *Conch*, smartly across the bar and anchored off the Custom House. From the bridge, then, he stared and stared at Saint Hubert, his senses caressed by the lovely contour of the island, fold upon fold of emerald green. He stared at the dazzling white walls of the town, breathed in the warm, damp scent of vegetation, listened with a certain stillness of his heart to the humming voices of negroes down in the fruit-boats that had swarmed out to the *Conch*.

What a place, he told himself, to cast anchor in when he had taken his final voyage—in say, roughly, twenty-five or thirty years! One of those square houses with a bit of a garden would be a cozy haven for a retired wanderer! He pictured to himself the simple rewards of a lifetime of service. He contemplated, without irony and without rebellion, thirty years of taking the *Conch*, or a steamer like her, out from New Orleans to the Lesser Antilles and back again with alternating cargoes of hardware, tinned goods, cloth, furniture, travelling salesmen, and fruit. Without a quiver of resentment he saw nothing better for himself than retirement on the meagre pension awarded its officers by the Triple Star Line; the last ten or fifteen years spent in a Paradise. . .

He scanned the hot, dusty, blazing square through his glasses: instantly the details, the actors, sprang into focus. He saw the market, the blacks squatted about their prismatic baskets of heaped fruit. He saw the peeling façade of the hotel—Joe's—with towering, frayed banana trees in the courtyard. He saw the double row of palmettos before the Consulate, and the loungers on the wharf, and then, sweeping up, the flanks of Mount George, villas half-hidden in vegetation, and the military road, like a white tape, clear to the top and over. . . .

If Joel Sparhawk had known what lay in store for him at Saint Hubert, he might not have gone ashore; he might even have applied for another ship and another port of call. But he was a man devoid of that particular brand of imagination which foresees the unforeseen. He was captain of a six-thousand-ton cargo-steamer, and as such not given to forebodings. He was a sane, healthy, successful man who stood six foot two in his stockinged feet, and had never had a nightmare, or seen a ghost, or been afraid of the dark. Therefore, the thing that happened to him was all the more peculiar.

He went ashore with his head bared to the sun. When the launch slid in at the wharf, he leaped ashore like a man who has come home. The Customs formalities were soon over; after an exchange of dry, brief courtesies, he hurried off to present himself to the local representative of the Line. This man's name was Pease; like Sparhawk, he was a Yankee, a transplanted New Englander who had taken deep root in the rich soil of the Islands. Over a glass of rum, he gave Sparhawk the little gossip of the town. Through latticed blinds the sun sent hot shafts, like quivers from a great bow. A rumble of carts in the street was removed, pleasant, like the drone of bees. And Sparhawk, sprawling in a chair, with his fingers closed around the cool stem of the glass, heard nothing until Pease said: "The *Conch's* sister ship, the *Ariel*, is due to-morrow morning. Delayed a week by an epidemic of some sort at Port-au-Prince. D'you know her commander?"

Sparhawk shook his head, coming slowly out of his dream to realities.

"Of course not! I'd forgotten for the moment that you are new to the Line. His name's Carford. He's got a pretty wife who lives

here in Saint Hubert—Mary Carford. You ought to meet her. Not that she adds much to the gaiety of the island! She's too quiet for my taste. Carford's what the British call a bit of a boulder. An excellent officer, understand. I haven't a word to say against him. . . ."

Sparhawk excused himself as soon as he decently could. He wanted to sniff and taste this delectable place. The sun was low. The negroes were on their way home from market, balancing prodigious loads on their heads or driving top-heavy donkeys up the steep and narrow streets. . . . Sparhawk went back to the *Conch* and dressed with rather more care than usual, as if he were preparing to meet, not an island, but a desirable woman. At six o'clock he presented himself at Joe's, and was given a table in the courtyard, a table reserved by the astute Portuguese for impressionable visitors, since it commanded a view of the harbour. Sparhawk found himself taking part in the only gaiety Saint Hubert had to offer. By turning his head one way, he could see that quaint and colourful gathering of seamen, Colonials, tourists, and odd numbers; and by turning it the other, he could look down across a jumble of roofs to the *Conch* at anchor, strung with lights, as if some of those incredible stars had tumbled out of the sky to deck his ship. He was, all in all, in an expansive mood, a mood women sense and take advantage of, since the barriers are down when a man opens his heart to a new joy.

Mary Carford may have known that here was a man ready to her hand. But it is more likely that Sparhawk's mood of glad acceptance penetrated her indifference. She was like a woman in a trance. Life flowed about her, and she saw, heard, nothing. Her very gestures were somnambulist; when she lifted her hand it was as if her fingers were attached to an invisible weight. When she entered the courtyard of Joe's house, Sparhawk saw her. And immediately, without preface of any sort, he loved her. Loved her, as he had loved Saint Hubert, at first sight; she was the woman he had been "living toward," he put it quaintly to himself in that moment of recognition. She had shaped herself out of his dreams. She had materialised out of his desire. Always, from boyhood, he had pictured just such a woman, misty, delicate, with eyes like—like sapphires. . . .

He jumped to his feet and signalled to Pease, who accompanied her, that he was alone and very desirous of company. A moment later, he had them at his table—the representative, Mrs. Carford, and a Doctor Friedman and his wife, people he politely acknowledged, but forgot at once.

In his excitement, he ordered wine for them all. And Mary Carford drank, slowly, with her calm eyes on him. She said very little. He gathered that she was a daughter and grand-daughter of sea-captains, and that she, too, loved the Islands.

Since her husband was not there, and would not be there until the morning, it was easy enough to forget his existence. Sparhawk was too much a man of his own particular sort to let the others see what was going on within him. But it was characteristic that none of the obstacles presented themselves. This was to be a night of nights.

After dinner, Pease, with a trace of mockery, surrendered Mrs. Carford to Sparhawk, and the others drifted away. Sparhawk found himself walking at her side through the shadowy streets. Her arm brushed his. Starlight, blue, phosphorescent, struck through the sharp-bladed palms and patterned her white dress. And presently they came to a gate set in a white wall. "I live here," Mary Carford said.

Sparhawk followed her through the gate and up a gravelled path beneath an arch of trees. He could hear the light tapping of her shoes, her breath, quick and shallow, as if she were afraid. . . . At the steps of the house, she paused and gave him her hand. "I live here alone. . . . no servants. . . . Would you mind coming in while I light the lamps?"

He felt an uncomfortable tightness in his throat. "Of course," he said politely, and their hands fell apart. She turned away with a little shiver of apprehension, and laughed. "I'm always afraid when I open the door. . . . the house is very old. . . . sometimes I'm not sure that I am, really, alone. Do you believe in ghosts?"

"No."



Sparhawk, sprawling in a chair, with his fingers closed around the cool stem of the glass, heard nothing until Pease said: "The *Conch's* sister ship, the *Ariel*, is due to-morrow morning."

She opened the door, and the darkness of the room within seemed to swallow her up. Her voice was muffled, different, with a note of panic: "Have you a match?"

Sparhawk struck a light and followed her. In the small, circular glow of a lamp, he saw her again, and she was as pale as her dress. "I'm always afraid," she said again.

"There's no one here, Mrs. Carford, beside ourselves."

"My imagination . . ." she began.

"Nothing else! You mustn't be afraid. There's absolutely nothing to be afraid of."

She shivered, and her lips twisted into a smile. "I know. I'm a fool. But often, at night . . . look!" She opened a door and he had a glimpse of a white bed beneath a towering canopy of netting.

"I sleep here. But I leave this door open, and that lamp burning, because I hate the dark. My husband comes to Saint Hubert once every month. The rest of the time he is away—at Port-au-Prince, Martinique—miles and miles away. For weeks at a time, I am without word from him. And do you know what happens? Sometimes I see him, standing there by the table, looking in at me!"

Sparhawk felt a sudden pity, because he thought he understood.

"And I call out 'Philip!' I get out of bed and walk toward him. I notice whether or not he is wearing uniform, whether he has been—whether he is well. . . ." She hesitated, and Sparhawk remembered that Pease had described Carford as "a bit of a bounder."

"Well? And he isn't there?"

"He isn't there, Mr. Sparhawk! I speak to him, and he simply isn't there. The door will be shut and locked, exactly as I left it when I went to bed. . . . It is enough to drive me—mad!"

Sparhawk shook his head and smiled at her. His pity and his love made him incoherent. He stood there staring at her, listening to the throbbing of his heart. He was sorry that she had mentioned her husband, even the unpleasant and possibly drunken ghost of her husband, since now the dream was broken and the problem had entered in. She had confided a very ordinary, a very usual nervous imagining; Sparhawk had had to deal with many such harmless delusions. Hysteria does not always manifest itself in shrieks and the shedding of tears. This lovely woman was too much alone, and too proud, too decent, to complain of a husband who permitted it. Why in God's name couldn't the fellow take her with him! Unless, perhaps, she preferred solitude to the company of a man she hated. . . .

"You think I'm a coward," she said suddenly. "But you can't imagine how—terrible—" She brushed away the memory of that vision with a pretty gesture of both hands. "I shouldn't have bothered you. . . . You'll stay and have something to drink? Please, please do. . . ."

"Thanks, no. I'll be getting aboard."

"It's not late. See. Only nine o'clock." He stayed, of course.

While she was in another room, cracking ice and mixing cool drinks for them both, he surveyed the room, cautiously, without seeming to. He did not want her to think him curious. But, in the manner of men who are much at sea, he was keenly aware of the atmosphere of dwellings ashore. And this was not a room occupied by a happy woman: there were no flowers, no pretty, frivolous cushions, no photographs of a man in uniform set in conspicuous places. Clean, yes—spotlessly clean. The waxed floor was devoid of rugs. The chairs were placed stiffly, away from the lamp and the table. Slatted blinds were drawn across the windows, and now the door stood open, framing the tangled darkness of the garden and a star or two, low in the sky. . . .

An unhappy woman, or he had never seen one! A woman any man in his right senses would die for—or, better, live for. And there was something confoundingly wrong, or else would she be urging a stranger to stay beyond the moment when he should have gone? Yes, decidedly, he should have gone. He had always imagined that women like Mary Carford were the fabulous creations of poets and novelists—his own dream had been as improbable. He had never seen, in the flesh, such transparent skin, such a grace and flexibility of body, so glamorous, so cool, so seductive a glance—All at once he hated Carford for not being there, and in the next breath hated him for existing at all. . . .

Mary Carford came back carrying a tray and two glasses, a plate of cakes, sugar, and silver spoons that had long, twisted handles. The deliberation with which she moved suggested to Sparhawk that she was afraid he might hurry away and leave her alone again. Her eyes met his with a sort of entreaty, but her lips were steady, smiling.

Sparhawk thought it best to be jovial. "I have never seen an apparition in my life, Mrs. Carford. And I've been in some queer corners of the earth. I've been in India. And Africa. And in Borneo. Places where strange things are supposed to happen. The fakirs never succeeded with me—perhaps because I don't believe in their unholy quackery! I've dealt with black boys and voodooes and bad ships and haunted houses. But ghosts keep away from me. . . . Don't imagine for a moment that I'm laughing at you. What you saw *looked* real, but it wasn't real. Your mind was playing tricks. . . ."

She gave him a look that went to his heart. "Ah! The mind. I have wondered. . . ."

Sparhawk put the drink aside and, leaning forward, touched her hand. He was about to say something comforting. He had no flirtatious intention; his feeling was too deep, too genuine for flippancy. He saw her eyes look beyond him and her whole body stiffen. Her hand was lifeless, frozen, beneath his. Without warning, she shrieked: "Philip!"

Sparhawk spun around. That scream hung in the air, penetrating, terrible—she kept on, a long, shuddering treble, as if she were singing—

and Sparhawk's spine crawled. A man was standing in the doorway, just beyond the circle of lamplight, looking in.

Sparhawk saw the service jacket he wore, then his face, yellow, sharp, and light blue eyes beneath black brows. "Hush!" Sparhawk cried.

He rose, kicking his chair over backwards, and putting his arm about Mary Carford, shook her. Suddenly she was silent. The thin, high-pitched, appalling scream snapped off in the middle.

And the man in the doorway, as if released, moved and came forward.

"What an outrageous noise!" he remarked. "The neighbours will think someone is murdering you."

Mary Carford whispered: "Philip?"

"You didn't expect me? Evidently."

Then, and only then, was Sparhawk sure that here was flesh and blood, not a shadow. The two men faced each other, and both were alive, and both wore the uniform of the Triple Star Line, and both had the same number of stripes on their coat-sleeves. Philip Carford glanced at his wife, then at Sparhawk, and then at the open door of the bed-room.

"I must have startled you," he said. His smile might have meant anything. It was carefully calculated both to arouse and disarm resentment. "I haven't the pleasure—"

"Captain Sparhawk."

They clasped hands across Mary Carford. She sat, huddled in her chair, her face drained of colour and of life. Sparhawk had to leave her there.

He went down the steep hill to the town cursing Carford aloud. All the magic had gone out of the night for him. He stumbled through the shadows in a desperate hurry to find out whether the *Ariel* had entered the harbour. If not—then he had abandoned that woman to her horrible imagining. . . . Sparhawk's nerves were steady, but they had been rasped by the senseless terror of her shriek.

When he at last came out from the maze of little streets into the square, he saw the outline of the *Ariel*. She had slipped past the *Conch* and lay close inshore, not a stone's throw from the Customs wharf. She seemed attached by wavering ribbons of light to the town itself, and Sparhawk could see a stir of figures along her deck. Carford must have been in a devil of a hurry. . . .

"D——!" Sparhawk's cigarette described an arc and fell with a slight sputter in the black water. Now he knew what Carford was driving at! He was the sort of liverish bully that feeds on suspicion. In all probability he would put Mary Carford through the mental torture which is particularly stimulating to his sort. Indifference. Sarcasm. Insinuation. Abomination. Everything except actual whipping. The obnoxious tragedy of suspicion and accusation. Galled by her silence, her whiteness, he would flay her with questions she could not answer. . . . Sparhawk lifted both arms in a gesture of helpless rage. He couldn't defend her. He couldn't open his mouth. . . . The man's manner had been too perfect, the situation too extraordinary. Of course, Carford thought that. . . .

"Oh, d—— him!"

Sparhawk flung away from the water-front, up again between those high, white walls, to the gate of Mary Carford's house. He stood there until dawn. But though he saw nothing, heard nothing, he thought a great deal.

When dawn came, a fan that opened across the sky, a clamour of birds, a sudden warm, roseate flush, he knew that he loved Mary Carford, and that never, as long as he lived, could he tell her so.

He did not see her for three months. In the meantime, the *Conch* completed two voyages. Then she came again to Saint Hubert, and Sparhawk presented himself to Pease. And again, over a glass of rum, he listened with strained, painful attention for news of Mary Carford. He had had for some time an uneasy suspicion that all was not well with her. She had entered so surely into his heart that he was never wholly unaware of her. Being aware of her, he had listened to gossip which, otherwise, he would have let pass unnoticed. Casting about for some way to start Pease off, Sparhawk mentioned the *Ariel*.

"Left day before yesterday. Carford was furious. Mrs. Carford is sick and he couldn't get a soul to care for her. The niggers won't work up there. They say the house is haunted."

"Sick?" Sparhawk demanded, conscious of a thickness in his voice.

"Some sort of fever. Queer thing." Pease refilled his glass.

"I don't believe Mrs. Carford's happy. Carford's all right—But——"

Both men stared at the floor, held by a tacit agreement, a professional restraint. Pease glanced up again. "Have you ever seen a ghost, Sparhawk?"

"No," Sparhawk smiled. "Have you?"

"There's something in this ghost at Carford's," Pease said slowly. "I think Mrs. Carford is scared to death."

Sparhawk maintained his attitude of polite indifference. Inwardly he trembled. "Who is with her?"

"Mrs. Friedman, the doctor's wife."

Sparhawk asked no more questions, since it was evident that Pease was already alert. But that night, with his heart in his mouth, he climbed the hill again and rang the bell beside the gate. It jangled somewhere within. Then, a hurried patter of steps, and Mrs. Friedman peered out at him.

"Oh, Captain Sparhawk! I'm so particularly glad—will you sit with her while I fetch my husband? She's worse——"

He followed her, baring his head. Again the empty, clean room. . . . He crossed it to the bed-room door. And there, pillowed high, with

her short, blonde hair spread out and her hands clasped lightly together, lay Mary Carford, as if she were asleep. Sparhawk sat down beside the bed, disposing his height and weight carefully, holding his breath. He dared not take his eyes away from her face, for fear she would die.



A man was standing in the doorway, just beyond the circle of lamplight, looking in.

He thought: "I will make her know, before she dies, that I love her. She will know. She must know." And he sat there, watching her.

It did not occur to him that what he was doing might be open to question. The supple flow of her body beneath the bed coverings was beautiful, but he could see no beauty now. Love had taken him, had flowed through him, like fire, burning out all the tormenting desires.

Two lamps, one on a table, the other in the window, picked out the white fineness of her features, the line of her throat, her delicate, rather long hands. He felt a profound and penetrating tenderness, a wrench of self-pity—this woman had come too late. A warm wind, heavily scented, leaned the flame of the lamps down, and the shadows expanded, shrank, expanded again. Mary Carford opened her eyes.

Sparhawk leaned forward with his hands on his knees. He felt empty and sick and afraid, because he thought that she was going to die. Instead, she smiled.

It was evident to Sparhawk, in that still, prolonged encounter of their eyes, that she was not surprised to see him there. She might have expected him—looked for him, even. There passed between them a sort of recognition, an acknowledgment, as if they had cried aloud to each other.

It was a thing too evanescent, too fleeting, to tie down with words. She closed her eyes again, sighed, relaxed and slept, leaving Sparhawk in possession of her love. There was no doubt of that. She loved him. She looked to him to protect her from whatever it was that had "frightened her to death." Sparhawk flung himself down on his knees and got hold of her hand and put his lips against it. He remembered what he had tried to forget—the rumours he had heard of Carford's dissensions.

Carford was no saint. At Port-au-Prince it was pretty generally understood that he had betrayed Mary Carford for a woman known as Belle, a yellow-skinned beauty, half-English, half-native, who held Carford by some spell of her own—had held him, Sparhawk heard, two years or more. For such beauty as Mary Carford's, Carford had had no understanding. Sparhawk pitied him. He tried to penetrate the mystery of Mary Carford's smile—in sleep, she was at peace. And it came to him, with the shock of a revelation, that she was no longer afraid, because she loved.

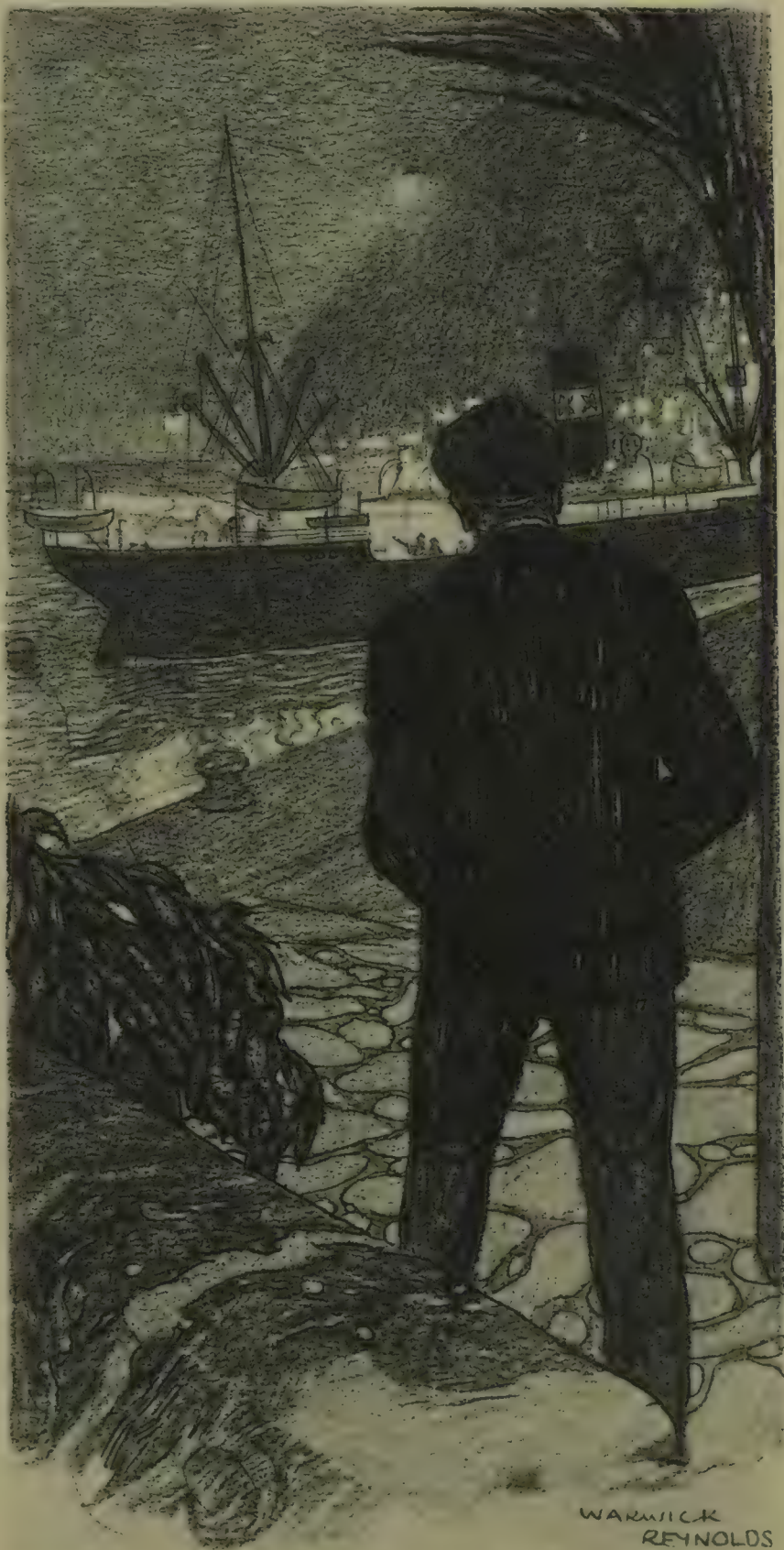
When Mrs. Friedman came back with the doctor, Sparhawk was sitting by the bed, upright, expressionless, hiding his secret.

"She is sleeping," he told them. "The fever is broken."

He tried, after that, not to see Mary Carford. Whenever the *Conch* put in at Saint Hubert, he hurried ashore, hurried about the business of the cruise, and hurried aboard again. It was not a part of his philosophy to make others suffer simply because he did. Yet a stranger could have told that his heart was breaking. He was as thin as a fever victim, as dry and brown as dust, as burned out as a twist of charred paper. Only his eyes were alive, and they were too bright. He was subsisting on a memory, and it was pretty unsubstantial fare for a man like Sparhawk. His arms ached to hold her. At night he would lie with his face pressed into his pillow, groaning, remembering her. . . . She was alone, up there on the hill, and it wasn't likely that anyone in the islands would tell her what manner of man she had married. . . .

Sparhawk would fling himself out of his bunk, and, in his pyjamas, bare-foot, pace the deck.

"God save me! Why this place, of all places? I might have been put on the outside route. I might never have seen her! What good



The *Ariel* . . . lay close inshore, not a stone's throw from the Customs wharf, . . . and Sparhawk could see a stir of figures along her deck.

does it do? She knows. I know. We've spoken! And she's tied to that stinking coward, that lover of half-breeds. . . . Tied to his ghost—tied to his dirty shadow. . . ."

One day McAvoy, the *Conch's* first officer, brought a letter to Sparhawk.

"It's from Mrs. Carford, Sir. She wants you very particularly to see Captain Carford in New Orleans and give it to him."



Mary Carford opened her eyes. Sparhawk leaned forward with his hands on his knees. He felt empty and sick and afraid, because he thought that she was going to die.

It seemed that McAvoy had met Mary Carford on the Customs wharf. "You're from the *Conch*?" McAvoy had touched his cap smartly, impressed by her bearing. It wasn't usual to meet pretty white women in Saint Hubert. "Give this to Captain Sparhawk, if you please—for Captain Carford." She was gone, hurrying back along the wharf, her white dress blown about her. . . . "I'm sorry for her, Sir—knowing what I know about—" He caught himself. "That's that, Sir."

Sparhawk went on deck. He fancied that he saw the white flash of her dress passing in and out of the palmetto shadows along the waterfront. But he could not be sure.

That night the *Conch* left the harbour and slipped out into the black, untroubled waters of the open sea. Sparhawk wondered whether Mary Carford, in her house on the hill, listened for the Customs siren, the *Conch's* brazen blast of farewell—whether she watched that double string of lights move forward, shift, turn, disappear, appear again, fading into the sky, into the low-hung stars. . . .

For a fortnight he cherished her letter, taking it out of the safe a dozen times a day to scan the firm, upright hand, the thick pen-strokes which had inscribed "Captain Carford, SS. *Ariel*, Triple Star Line, New Orleans." What had she said? What message could she be sending, by him, to a man she feared and hated? Sparhawk was not jealous, but he suffered an obscure, an ignoble emotion. This letter had somehow broken the spell—he had been living with intangible things, and here was reality. It came to him with a shock of disgust that perhaps he had imagined too much—that perhaps, after all, she did not hate Carford, or fear him. . . . The letter held the key to the riddle, but he could not open it. He was surrounded by mysteries, held captive by a web of uncertainties; he was the victim of feelings he could not control. The world, existence, was held together by his faith in Mary Carford.

As soon as the *Conch* docked in New Orleans he delivered the letter. The sister cargo-ships lay side by side in the yellow river. Electric cranes, precise, tireless, reached into the holds, groped, emerged with great clusters of crated fruit. . . . ships were not ships, but warehouses, in port. Sparhawk disliked the noisy business of unloading. At five o'clock he went aboard the *Ariel*. A black boy ran forward to meet him, and informed him with a smirk that the Captain was ashore.

Sparhawk hesitated. He decided, finally, not to leave the letter, but to take it away with him. He had turned, when he saw Carford coming down the deck toward him, coatless, smoking a cigar. The boy ducked and ran, grinning, and Sparhawk said: "Ah, Carford! Glad to find you aboard, after all! I have a letter for you, from Mrs. Carford."

Carford's expression changed. He turned a shade yellower and his lip curled in that habitual sneer, that mocking smile. He did not offer to take the letter, but stood with his hands clasped behind his back, rocking on his heels. "Very good of you, I'm sure. I think I understand. . . . But you won't find what you're looking for—not by a d—d sight! Neither of you!"

Sparhawk got control of himself with an effort. Again he extended the letter. His face flushed and he repeated: "From Mrs. Carford."

"Read it!" Carford ejaculated. "It is meant for you. Read it!"

"I don't know what you're talking about." Sparhawk's teeth snapped together. "Watch out. I'll knock you down. And it won't be good for you."

"Or for you. Remember our position—where we are."

"You don't deserve to be considered."

"And you?"

Sparhawk still held the letter. Carford snatched it, slit the envelope, and read the enclosure. "Just what I thought! She sends you to see what you can see! Both of you be d—d! Go back and tell her so."

Sparhawk's clenched fist shot out and caught Carford under the chin. The Captain stepped back, swayed, sagged against the rail, went down on his knees. . . . Sparhawk felt an uneasy wonder. He had never before had to knock a man down; there was a tingling satisfaction in it, a reversal to the primitive; yet he was ashamed. Carford crouched by the rail, spitting and groaning. A trickle of blood ran down his chin, stained his shirt. . . . He got up, dazed, and turned his clouded eyes on his assailant.

Then, and only then, Sparhawk saw that someone had come up behind them. A small, honey-coloured woman with a mop of short black hair stood in an open door. She wore a kimono of red silk, and heelless slippers into which she had thrust her bare feet.

"Wha's the mattah?" she demanded, in the soft, blurred speech of the Islands. She turned her eyes from Carford to Sparhawk. "Wha's the mattah?" Her lips parted, and he saw her teeth, white, sharp, like the teeth of a cat. And he saw a picture, a flash—a clear, sharp vision of a blonde woman lying asleep, her hands clasped together. . . .

He got out from there. Quickly, without lifting his hat, he left. And from the corner of his eye he saw the honey-coloured woman put her arms under Carford's arms, and half-lead, half-drag him through the open door into the cabin.

The *Conch* lay over in New Orleans for three days. But Carford did not leave the *Ariel* or show his face. McAvoy reported, with a smile, that someone had "pasted Carford good and proper."

He hung a moment in the doorway, staring in at Sparhawk with a



McAvoy had touched his cap smartly, impressed by her bearing. It wasn't usual to meet pretty white women in Saint Hubert. "Give this to Captain Sparhawk, if you please—for Captain Carford."

curiously triumphant manner. "They say he's got that yellow girl aboard, Sir. Pity the office don't hear of it. It's common talk."

"You're probably mistaken."

"I hope so, Sir," McAvoy said, with a shrug. "I hope so, indeed."

"Don't say anything to anyone, McAvoy."

"Not I! But between you and me, Sir, he isn't white. There's a dash of sanguinary ochre in him, somewhere. He gives me the creeps."

"How's that?"

"There's something not *right* about him. He's seen things—he's done things—well, he's *outside*, Sir. I don't know how to put it otherwise."

Sparhawk knew quite well what McAvoy meant. He had known, all along, ever since Mary Carford's frightened confession: "It is enough to drive me mad!"

McAvoy came in and closed the door. He leaned forward to whisper: "You and I know it isn't so. There's no black magic. No practices. . . . But Carford has played about with the voodoo doctors. If there *are* tricks, he knows them. Congo stuff. . . . That girl is one of 'em. . . . It makes me boil, Sir! He isn't fit to command a ship. He's doped half the time. Snake soup and witches' brew!"

McAvoy met Sparhawk's eyes and grinned. "Well, what if it is so! I pity anyone he's a mind to hate." . . .

mare, like a ship possessed. The *Conch* seemed to lag, as if the sea were clogged with weeds. . . . Sparhawk grew haggard with impatience. He forgot to eat; sleep was impossible—at best he dozed and woke with frantic leaps into a tormented consciousness. He saw pictures, as real as photographic projections, pictures of Mary Carford's meeting with Carford, of Carford kissing Mary because she hated him. . . .

It was hot and calm in the Gulf. Portuguese men-o'-war sailed like opalescent bubbles across the unbroken, polished surface, and dolphins pin-wheeled, over and over, piercing the water without a ripple.

The President, a complacent man fond of cigars, played poker with the lesser dignitaries in the forward saloon. A rattle of coins and a clink of glasses rose to Sparhawk on the bridge. It seemed to him, during those first days, that the *Conch* stood still, that she was suspended in an arc of dazzling emptiness. This was a personal, unshared torment, for she did move. The sun rose and set behind curtains of mist, and the *Conch* passed through the straits into the Caribbean. Then it was that Sparhawk could bear it no longer. He presented himself



Sparhawk felt an uneasy wonder. He had never before had to knock a man down; there was a tingling satisfaction in it, a reversal to the primitive; yet he was ashamed. Carford crouched by the rail, spitting and groaning.

Sparhawk's orders were explicit. They came from the President of the Triple Star Line, who was to make his annual inspection aboard the *Conch*.

Sparhawk cursed the luck which had forced him, not Carford, to be the unwilling Virgil to the chief's Dante. Carford would have relished the cruise, with its small, attendant festivities. To Sparhawk, the delay was maddening, since it was inevitable that the *Ariel* should arrive first at Saint Hubert. For Mary Carford's sake he was tempted to surrender his command; for Mary Carford's sake he couldn't. It would not do, at this stage of the game, to trifle with duty.

He watched the *Ariel* drop down-stream with a feeling of helpless anger and bitterness. He did not believe in ghosts, and he took no stock in the hysterical imaginings of a woman beside herself with fear and dread. But he knew Carford to be a particularly noxious beast, a dabbler in forbidden pleasures, a soiled, debased white man masquerading in the garments of decency, hiding behind the record made by other men. That he should have married a woman like Mary Carford was an abomination. . . . Sparhawk prayed for her with an unfamiliar belief in prayer, a new faith in a power he had never, consciously, called upon since he had learned to rely only upon himself—"God keep her safe until I get there."

The *Conch* entered the Gulf and headed south. The *Ariel* was gone, over the horizon, spinning down a white wake like a ship in a night-

mare, like a ship possessed. The *Conch* seemed to lag, as if the sea were clogged with weeds. . . . Sparhawk grew haggard with impatience. He forgot to eat; sleep was impossible—at best he dozed and woke with frantic leaps into a tormented consciousness. He saw pictures, as real as photographic projections, pictures of Mary Carford's meeting with Carford, of Carford kissing Mary because she hated him. . . .

Shifting his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other, the President reminded Sparhawk that such was far from his intention. They were to put in at St. Lucia, Kingston, and Grenada. . . . "As usual, Captain."

Sparhawk took his medicine with a grim smile. Later, the President found him on the bridge, in the breathless dark of midnight, and took the subject up where it had been dropped. He seemed to be gathering himself for an attack. The glowing tip of his cigar described an arc. "You are very anxious to get back to Saint Hubert, Captain! Is there a personal reason?"

Sparhawk was far too simple to think before answering. He said: "Why, yes; there is."

"Are you married? I mean to say, is there an attachment?" His voice tightened. He removed the cigar and held it suspended. "An officer should never be unmindful of his obligation to the Line. Duty first. I thought it best to tell you that we have had complaints."

"Complaints?"

"I can't be more specific."

"Why not?"

"The remarks made to me were confidential. . . . Don't be in too much of a hurry, Captain." The cigar was replaced. It burned

a hole in the darkness. "Women are devils. They play the deuce with a man's job."

"Women?"

"You continue to ask questions! I prefer not to answer them."

"I don't know what you're driving at."

"Um-m-n."

With a final, insinuating motion of his cigar, the President left the bridge, and that malignant, accusing spark drifted aft, out of sight.

For the first time in his life, Sparhawk was baffled, as sane and healthy men are sometimes confounded by unhealthy forces. Carford had hurt him in the one way he had not expected. With a dozen words, perhaps less, a shrug of the shoulders, a smirk, Carford had tangled Mary in the web. . . . Sparhawk laughed aloud.

And McAvoy, coming up, peered at his commander through the shadows. He knew that, whatever Sparhawk was laughing at, it wasn't pleasant. So, wisely, he held his tongue.

Sparhawk was in his cabin, and it was two o'clock in the morning, when the thing happened which he had always sworn never could happen. . . .

He was sitting before the table, his pipe going, his elbows spread, staring at the chart and listening with his unconscious mind to the pulse-beat of the ship. He knew about where the *Ariel* would be at that moment. To-morrow, Saint Hubert, unless the hurricane he hoped for struck like a lash. . . . Unless a miracle happened. . . .

"Who's there?" Sparhawk jerked his head around. The door was being opened, but no one had knocked.

"Who's there?" he demanded again.

Then he saw Carford.

At least, he thought he saw Carford, standing there on the threshold and looking in. He had a glimpse, no more, of a man in uniform, soaking wet, tattered, blood-stained, with a face drained of colour. He saw that much. When he started to his feet the man was gone. Wiped out, like a drawing on a slate. The door remained open. But the threshold had been vacated and the corridor was empty.

Sparhawk went back to his chair badly shaken. He refilled his pipe with unsteady hands, reminding himself that he was a fool, a damn fool. He had not seen Carford, of course. He had not seen anyone. He had been asleep.

Yet he knew, with transfixing clarity, that he had, on the contrary, been wide awake. The thing could not be disposed of so easily. It lay as far outside his comprehension as the sun lies beyond the earth. Either he had seen Carford, or he was on the ragged edge of losing his mind. He kept his eye on the door. When it opened again, he was in control of himself. And this time he saw Carford beyond the shadow of a doubt. He even spoke to him: "What d'you want?"

Carford did not answer. He seemed stricken with a tormenting desire to explain himself. There was something that must be said. . . . He wagged his head. His mouth opened and shut again. Where he stood, a pool of water spread.

Then, inexplicably, he was gone again. To steady himself, Sparhawk called the steward, a sleepy, sulky boy of the Islands, who came, barefoot, yawning and blinking.

"Clean up that mess, Joe."

"Yes, Sah." His eyes rolled. He shuffled. "You mean, Sah——?"

"There. Where you're standing! That water."

He went away. Sparhawk waited for his return with a sense of horror that was sickening. This was incredible. Impossible. . . . There was no water on the floor. He had sent that boy on a fool's errand. . . .

He got to his feet again, and when Joe came back with a pail and a mop, he said: "I've done it myself. Go back to bed."

"Yes, Sah."

It was three o'clock. Sparhawk did not sleep through what was left of the night. An ugly, pallid dawn found him on deck. And, before another night shut down upon the *Conch* like the lid of a box, he had argued himself out of the entire affair, had analysed it in cold blood, and had decided that it had never happened. The light of day is wonderful medicine for shaky nerves. He'd been thinking too much about Carford.

He avoided an encounter with the President. The rattle and clink of the poker game went on. There was no difference in the familiar world of commonplace happenings. No difference whatever.

That night, alone again, he faced the door with a sense of triumph. He had himself so very well in hand! If nothing out of the usual took place, well and good. In the meantime, he'd smoke.

At half-past two, exactly, the door opened again, with the same gentle, resistless push, as if a hand were laid on the panels. Carford stood there, as before, gasping and bubbling, trying to say something.

"Well?" Sparhawk demanded. "What do you want? Speak out, man!"

Confronted by the fact of that presence, Sparhawk was not afraid. He was convinced of the figure's reality, absolved himself from the terror of madness. Carford moved forward. He seemed to want to touch the chart, and his hands hovered—like gulls. Sparhawk noticed the white cuff of his shirt, his wrist-watch. He made particularly certain that his visitor had none of the traditional transparency of ghosts; he was solid; he was there. Yet he was not there. When Sparhawk, pushing back his chair with a violent thrust, reached forward to grab him, Carford was gone. The room and the corridor, brightly lighted, showed no trace of him.

Therefore, Sparhawk sent for McAvoy. If McAvoy saw it, it was there. And Sparhawk preferred to know the truth, even if it lost him his ship.

McAvoy listened, and his face went dark with anger. "He's trying to break you, Sir. It's one of their pet tricks—scaring the life out of their enemies. I take it you're his enemy. . . . Oh, I've heard! The steward listened in on that poker game in the saloon; Carford dished you, good and proper! That's what you get for hitting a coward and then turning your back on him."

"The *Ariel*'s already at Saint Hubert," Sparhawk reminded him.

"Maybe not, Sir. I'll ask the wireless operator. Half a minute, Sir——"

He was gone, eager, fearless and young, hot on the trail of mystery. He came back, panting, his eyes alight. "No word from the *Ariel* for twenty-four hours, Sir. The operator had her, right along, until Wednesday night—until last night—at eight o'clock. Not since."

McAvoy closed the door sharply and came over to the table. With both palms laid flat on the outspread chart, he leaned down to whisper: "Has it struck you, Sir, something might have gone wrong with the *Ariel*? You say he was covered with blood. . . ."

"By God!"

Sparhawk glanced beyond the first officer to the door.

There was a sound of the knob turning, the door opened, and Carford stepped into the room. The light from the corridor fell full upon him. He was a grotesque apparition. He had lost his coat, and his thin yellow arms showed through the rips in his shirt-sleeves. His feet were bare; his trousers rolled above the knee. His hair was matted on his forehead, and moisture ran down his face.

He said nothing. But then, neither McAvoy nor Sparhawk expected speech. They waited, in rigid attitudes, with startled, white faces; for some solution of the mystery, some explanation of this oppressive presence.

"The chart!" Sparhawk said. "Get away from the chart, McAvoy." McAvoy moved aside.

"He wants the chart."

Someone was coming along the corridor. A shuffle and flap of feet approached, accompanied by the sharp, joyous trill of a whistle. Before their eyes, Carford vanished.

Where he had been a moment before, he no longer was. And Joe stood on the threshold, bearing a tray, a bottle, and a tumbler.

"Compliments of the gen'men in the saloon, Cap'n Sparhawk, Sah."

Sparhawk's taut nerves snapped. "D—— you, Joe! Whistling in the corridor at this time of night. Put the tray down. Here! And get to bed."

"Yes, Sah."

The negro's eyes strayed to the left, to the right. He seemed to sniff the atmosphere, charged with suspense and dread. The tray rattled as he set it on the table. Then, very nimbly, he retreated.

Before dawn, a storm broke. The sea heaved suddenly, as if split apart by an earthquake, and a high, thin, shrieking sound of wind passed overhead and was gone, as if snatched away. The steamer seemed to come alive. She crouched in the white welter, shivering and groaning. By noon, the sea was climbing over the stern, and the *Conch* seemed stationary. Squalls burst, sharp, violent, like arrows sent from ambush. The poker game in the saloon was suspended by the tacit consent of the players. The President took to his berth, and Sparhawk found it in his heart to be glad. All through that crowded day, between the sharp confusion of the bridge and the creaking, stuffy atmosphere below decks, Sparhawk's consciousness was divided. One part of his mind functioned as it had been trained to function, and the *Conch* staggered towards St. Lucia. Another part of his mind struggled with the inexplicable, with forces unguessed at, with ominous shadows.

The storm passed as quickly as it had come. A curtain of clouds lifted on the horizon, and the sun, huge, scarlet, like a lacquer disc, slipped into a tossing sea and was gone—the wind, like a super, followed, and the curtain of night fell on a quiet world.

Sparhawk went to his cabin unprepared for what might happen. He had had no time for sober thought. His training, his experience, his faith were opposed to what he termed "the occult." He distrusted people who claimed to have seen visions or to have encountered ephemeral "presences" in old houses or in shadowy crypts. He had an innate scorn of palmists and fortune-tellers, the stuff and nonsense of cabinets, rappings, voices, and messages. He had always been prejudiced and always intolerant. His mind was in broad daylight; there were no shadowy places in it. . . .

McAvoy joined him.

"Well—Sir?"

"He may not come again."

They waited, facing the door.

"Has the wireless operator reported?"

"Yes, Sir. Saint Hubert says the *Ariel* is overdue."

A shiver of exultation passed through Sparhawk. He was ashamed and triumphant. If the *Ariel* had gone down, victim of some obscure accident, an explosion, a collision, Carford was, perhaps, dead. Yet this might mean the sacrifice of others. . . .

In the close air of the cabin, silence weighed against them both. The thin persistent tick of the chronometer crossed the tripping step of an alarm clock on the shelf. It was like the beating of their two hearts. Sparhawk braced himself to endure it, his nerves on edge. Then, suddenly, he was quite cool.

The sound of the clocks vanished, and he found himself listening, listening with the very pores of his skin. McAvoy's face was gray. He leaned forward, his hands straining at the arms of his chair, his eyes fixed and colourless.

Scenes from Biblical History—by Edmund Dulac: No. I.

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THE EXPULSION FROM EDEN.

"So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

We begin here a remarkable series of Biblical studies by that famous artist, Mr. Edmund Dulac. The first four are included in this number, and we have great pleasure in announcing that the series is to be continued in the current issues of "The Illustrated London News."

Scenes from Biblical History — by Edmund Dulac: No. II.

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THE FLOOD.

"And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth, and the ark went upon the face of the waters. . . .
And all flesh died that moved upon the earth."

Scenes from Biblical History—by Edmund Dulac: No. III.

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THE DOOM OF LOT'S WIFE.

"The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar. . . . But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt."

Scenes from Biblical History — by Edmund Dulac: No. IV.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. DULAC. CHRISTMAS. ANNUAL. THE WORLD, ILLUSTRATED. THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



THE DEATH OF SAMSON.

"And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars. . . . And he bowed himself with all his might, and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein."



A TOY HARLEQUINADE.

FROM THE PAINTING ENTITLED "L'HEURE ESPAGNOLE," BY JEAN COTTENET, EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON
(SOCIÉTÉ DES ARTISTES FRANÇAIS, 1925.)

MEMORIES

BY

JOHN GALSWORTHY

Illustrated by

MAUD EARL



In all the literature devoted to dogs, perhaps the most delightful thing is Mr. John Galsworthy's "Memories" of his black spaniel, Chris. No "friend of man" has ever evoked a more touching tribute from his master. It is at once the most amusing and the most pathetic study of canine character that has ever been written. Though it has already been published in elaborate gift-book form, we have arranged to reprint it here, together with a number of the charming illustrations by Miss Maud Earl, the well-known animal painter, done for an edition published by Messrs. Heinemann.

"Here's your wild beast, Sir!"



We set out to meet him at Waterloo Station on a dull day of February—I, who had owned his impetuous mother, knowing a little what to expect, while to my companion he would be all original. We stood there waiting (for the Salisbury train was late), and wondering with a warm, half-fearful eagerness what sort of new thread Life was going to twine into our skein. I think our chief dread was that he might have slight eye—those yellow Chinese eyes of the common, parti-coloured spaniel. And each new minute of the train's tardiness increased our anxious compassion. His first journey; his first separation from his mother; this black two months' baby! Then the train ran in, and we hastened to look for him. "Have you a dog for us?"

"A dog! Not in this van. Ask the rear-guard."

"Have you a dog for us?"

"That's right. From Salisbury. Here's your wild beast, Sir!"

From behind a wooden crate we saw a long black-muzzled nose poking round at us, and heard a faint hoarse whimpering.

I remember my first thought: "Isn't his nose too long?"

But to my companion's heart it went at once, because it was swollen from crying and being pressed against things that he could not see through. We took him out—soft, wobbly, tearful; set him down on his four, as yet not quite simultaneous, legs, and regarded him. Or rather, my companion did, having her head on one side, and a quavering smile; and I regarded her, knowing that I should thereby get a truer impression of him.

He wandered a little round our legs, neither wagging tail nor licking at our hands; then he looked up, and my companion said: "He's an angel!"

I was not so certain. He seemed hammer-headed, with no eyes at



"We took him out—soft, wobbly, tearful."

all, and little connection between his head, his body, and his legs. His ears were very long, as long as his poor nose; and gleaming down in the blackness of him I could see the same white star that disgraced his mother's chest.

Picking him up, we carried him to a four-wheeled cab, and took his muzzle off. His little dark-brown eyes were resolutely fixed on distance, and by his refusal even to smell the biscuits we had brought to make him happy we knew that the human being had not yet come into a life that had contained so far only a mother, a woodshed, and four other soft, wobbly, black, hammer-headed angels, smelling of themselves, and warmth, and wood-shavings. It was pleasant to feel that to us he would surrender an untouched love—that is, if he would surrender anything. Suppose he did not take to us!

And just then something must have stirred in him, for he turned up his swollen nose and stared at my companion, and a little later rubbed the dry pinkness of his tongue against my thumb. In that look, and that unconscious, restless lick, he was trying hard to leave unhappiness behind, trying hard to feel that these new creatures with stroking paws and queer scents were his mother; yet all the time he knew, I am sure, that they were something bigger, more permanently, desperately his. The first sense of being owned, perhaps (who knows?) of owning, had stirred in him. He would never again be quite the same unconscious creature.



"Keeping me too warm down my back."

A little way from the end of our journey we got out and dismissed the cab. He could not too soon know the scents and pavements of this London where the chief of his life must pass. I can see now his first bumble down that wide back-water of a street, how continually and suddenly he sat down to make sure of his own legs, how continually he lost our heels. He showed us then in full perfection what was afterwards to be an inconvenient—if endearing—characteristic: at any call or whistle he would look in precisely the opposite direction. How many times all through his life have I not seen him, at my whistle, start violently and turn his tail to me, then, with nose thrown searchingly from side to side, begin to canter toward the horizon!

In that first walk we met, fortunately, but one vehicle, a brewer's dray; he chose that moment to attend to the more serious affairs of life, sitting quietly before the horses' feet and requiring to be moved by hand. From the beginning he had his dignity, and was extremely difficult to lift, owing to the length of his middle distance.

What strange feelings must have stirred in his little white soul when he first smelled carpet! But it was all so strange to him that day—I doubt if he felt more than I did when I first travelled to my private school, reading "Tales of a Grandfather," and plied with tracts and sherry by my father's man of business.

That night, indeed for several nights, he slept with me, keeping me too warm down my back, and waking me now and then with quaint, sleepy whimperings. Indeed, all through his life he flew a good deal in his sleep, fighting dogs and seeing ghosts, running after rabbits and thrown sticks; and to the last one never quite knew whether or no to rouse him when his four black feet began to jerk and quiver. His dreams were like our dreams, both good and bad; happy sometimes, sometimes tragic to weeping point.

He ceased to sleep with me the day we discovered that he was a perfect little colony, whose settlers were of an active species which I have never seen again. After that he had many beds, for circumstance ordained that his life should be nomadic, and it is to this I trace that philosophic indifference to place or property which marked him out from most of his own kind. He learned early that for a black dog with long silky ears, a feathered tail, and head of great dignity, there was no home whatsoever, away from those creatures with special scents, who took liberties with his name, and alone of all created things were privileged to smack him with a slipper. He would sleep anywhere, so long as it was in their room, or so close outside it as to make no matter, for it was with him a principle that what he did not smell did not exist. I would

I could hear again those long rubber-lipped snufflings of recognition underneath the door with which each morning he would regale and reassure a spirit that grew with age more and more nervous and delicate about this matter of propinquity! For he was a dog of fixed ideas,



"And alone of all created things were privileged to smack him with a slipper."

things stamped on his mind were indelible; as, for example, his duty toward cats, for whom he had really a perverse affection, which had led to that first disastrous moment of his life, when he was brought up, poor bewildered puppy, from a brief excursion to the kitchen, with one eye closed and his cheek torn! He bore to his grave that jagged scratch across the eye. It was in dread of a repetition of this tragedy that he was instructed at the word "Cats" to rush forward with a special "tow-row-rowing," which he never used toward any other form of creature. To the end he cherished the hope that he would reach the cat, but never did; and if he had we knew he would only have stood and wagged his tail; but I well remember once, when he returned, important, from some such sally, how dreadfully my companion startled a cat-loving friend by murmuring in her most honeyed voice: "Well, my darling, have you been killing pussies in the garden?"

His eye and nose were impeccable in their sense of form; indeed, he was very English in that matter: people must be just so; things smell properly; and affairs go on in the one right way. He could tolerate neither creatures in ragged clothes, nor children on their hands and knees, nor postmen, because, with their bags, they swelled up on one side, and carried lanterns on their middles. He would never let the harmless creatures pass without religious barks. Naturally a believer in authority and routine, and distrusting spiritual adventure, he yet had curious fads that seemed to have nested in him, quite outside of all principle. He would, for instance, follow neither carriages nor horses, and, if we tried to make him, at once left for home, where he would sit with nose raised to heaven, emitting through it a most lugubrious, shrill noise. Then again, one must not place a stick, a slipper, a glove, or anything with which he could play, upon one's head—since such an action reduced him at once to frenzy. For so conservative a dog his environment was sadly anarchistic. He never complained in words of our shifting habits, but curled his head round over his left paw and pressed his chin very hard against the ground whenever he smelled packing. "What necessity"—he seemed continually to be saying—"what real necessity is there for change of any kind whatever? Here we were all together, and one day was like another, so that I knew where I was—and now you only know what will happen next; and I—I can't tell you whether I shall be with you when it happens!" What strange, grieving minutes a dog passes at such times in the underground of his subconsciousness, refusing realisation, yet all the time only too well divining. Some careless word, some unmuted compassion in voice, the stealthy wrapping of a pair of boots, the unaccustomed shutting of a door that ought to be open, the removal from a downstairs room of an object always there—one



"Emitting through it a most lugubrious, shrill noise."



"When he just sits loving."

tiny thing, and he knows for certain that he is not going too. He fights against the knowledge just as we do against what we cannot bear; he gives up hope, but not effort, protesting in the only way he knows of, and now and then heaving a great sigh. Those sighs of a dog! They go to the heart so much more deeply than the sighs of our own kind, because they are utterly unintended, regardless of effect, emerging from one who, heaving them, knows not that they have escaped him.

The words: "Yes—going too!" spoken in a certain tone, would call up in his eyes a still-questioning half-happiness, and from his tail a quiet flutter, but did not quite serve to put to rest either his doubt or his feeling that it was all unnecessary—until the cab arrived. Then he would pour himself out of door or window, and be found in the bottom of the vehicle, looking severely away from an admiring cabman. Once settled on our feet, he travelled with philosophy, but no digestion.

I think no dog was ever more indifferent to an outside world of human creatures, yet few dogs have made more conquests—especially among strange women, through whom, however, he had a habit of looking—very discouraging. He had, nathless, one or two particular friends, especially a certain Member of Parliament, and a few persons whom he knew he had seen before; but, broadly speaking, there were, in his world of men, only his mistress and—the almighty.

Each August, till he was six, he was sent for health, and the assuagement of his hereditary instincts, up to a Scotch shooting, where he carried many birds in a very tender manner. Once he was compelled by Fate to remain there nearly a year; and we went up ourselves to fetch him home. Down the long avenue toward the keeper's cottage we walked. It was high autumn; there had been frost already, for the ground was fine with red and yellow leaves; and presently we saw himself coming, professionally

questing among those leaves, and preceding his dear keeper with the business-like self-containment of a sportsman; not too fat, glossy as a raven's wing, swinging his ears and sporran like a little Highlander. We approached him silently. Suddenly his nose went up from its imagined trail, and he came rushing at our legs. From him, as a garment drops from a man, dropped all his strange soberness; he became in a single instant one fluttering eagerness. He leaped from life to life in one bound, without hesitation, without regret. Not one sigh, not one look back, not the faintest token of gratitude or regret at leaving those good people who had tended him for a whole year, buttered oat-cake for him, allowed him to choose each night exactly where he would sleep. No, he just marched out beside us, as close as ever he could get, drawing us on in spirit, and not even attending to the scents, until the lodge gates were passed.

It was strictly in accordance with the perversity of things, and something in the nature of calamity, that he had not been ours one year when there came over me a dreadful but overmastering aversion from killing those birds and creatures of which he was so fond as soon as they were dead. And so I never knew him as a sportsman, for during that first year he was only an unbroken puppy, tied to my waist for fear of accidents, and carefully pulling me off every shot. They tell me he developed a lovely nose and perfect mouth, large enough to hold gingerly the biggest hare. I well believe it, remembering the qualities of his mother, whose character, however, in stability he far surpassed. But, as he grew every year more devoted to dead grouse and birds and rabbits, I liked them more and more alive; it was the only real breach between us, and we kept it out of sight. Ah, well! it is consoling to reflect that one would infallibly have ruined his sporting qualities, lacking that peculiar habit of meaning what one says, so necessary to keep dogs virtuous. But surely to



"I would I could hear again those long rubber-lipped snufflings of recognition underneath the door."

have had him with me, quivering and alert, with his solemn, eager face, would have given a new joy to those crisp mornings when the hope of wings coming to the gun makes poignant in the sportsman as nothing else will an almost sensual love of Nature, a fierce delight in the soft glow of leaves, in the white birch stems and tracery of sparse twigs against blue sky, in the scents of sap and grass and gum and heather flowers; stivers the hair of him with keenness for interpreting each sound, and fills the very fern or moss he kneels on, the very trunk he leans against, with strange vibration.

Slowly Fate prepares for each of us the religion that lies coiled in our most secret nerves; with such we cannot trifle, we do not even try! But how shall a man grudge anyone sensations he has so keenly felt? Let such as have never known those curious delights uphold the hand of horror—for me there can be no such luxury. If I could, I would still perhaps be knowing them; but when once the joy of life in those winged and furry things has knocked at the very portals of one's spirit, the thought that by pressing a little iron twig one will rive that joy out of their vitals, is too hard to bear. Call it æstheticism, squeamishness, namby-pamby sentimentalism, what you will—it is stronger than oneself!

Yes, after one had once watched with an eye that did not merely see the thirsty gaping of a slowly dying bird, or a rabbit dragging a broken leg to a hole where he would lie for hours thinking of the fern to which he should never more come forth—after that, there was always the following little matter of arithmetic: Given, that all those who had been shooting "were good-fair" shots—which, Heaven knew, they never were—they yet missed one at least in four, and did not miss it very much; so that, if seventy-five things were slain, there were also twenty-five that had been fired at, and, of those twenty-five, twelve and a half had "gotten it" somewhere in their bodies, and would "likely" die at their great leisure.



"Where he carried many birds and hares in a very tender manner."



"Chris."

This was the sum that brought about the only cleavage in our lives; and so, as he grew older, and trying to part from each other we no longer could, he ceased going to Scotland. But after that I often felt, and especially when we heard guns, how the best and most secret instincts of him were being stifled. But what was to be done? In that which was left of a clay pigeon he would take not the faintest interest—the scent of it was paltry. Yet always, even in his most cosseted and idle days, he managed to preserve the grave preoccupation of one professionally concerned with retrieving things that smell; and consoled himself with pastimes such as cricket, which he played in a manner highly specialised, following the ball up the moment it left the bowler's hand, and sometimes retrieving it before it reached the batsman. When remonstrated with, he would consider a little, hanging out a pink tongue and looking rather too eagerly at the ball, then canter slowly out to a sort of forward short leg. Why he always chose that particular position it is difficult to say; possibly he could lurk there better than anywhere else, the batsman's eye not being on him, and the bowler's not too much. As a fieldsman he was perfect, but for an occasional belief that he was not merely short leg, but slip, point, mid-off, and wicket-keep; and perhaps a tendency to make the ball a little "jubey." But he worked tremendously, watching every movement, for he knew the game thoroughly, and seldom delayed it more than three minutes when he secured the ball. And if that ball were really lost, then indeed he took over the proceedings with an intensity and quiet vigour that destroyed many shrubs, and the solemn satisfaction which comes from being in the very centre of the stage.

But his most passionate delight was swimming in anything except the sea, for which, with its unpleasant noise and habit of tasting salt, he had little affection. I see him now, cleaving the

Serpentine, with his air of "the world well lost," striving to reach my stick before it had touched water. Being only a large spaniel, too small for mere heroism, he saved no lives in the water but his own—and that, on one occasion, before our very eyes, from a dark trout

passionately scratching up his bed in protest, till it resembled nothing; for, in spite of his long and solemn face and the silkiness of his ears, there was much in him yet of the cave bear—he dug graves on the smallest provocations, in which he never buried anything. He was not a "clever"

dog; and guiltless of all tricks. Nor was he ever "shown." We did not even dream of subjecting him to this indignity. Was our dog a clown, hobby, a fad, a fashion, a feather in our caps—that we should subject him to periodic pennings in stuffy halls, that we should harry his faithful soul with such tomfoolery? He never even heard us talk about his lineage, deplore the length of his nose, or call him "clever-looking." We should have been ashamed to let him smell about us the tar-brush of a sense of property, to let him think we looked on him as an asset to earn us pelf or glory. We wished that there should be between us the spirit that was between the sheep-dog and that farmer who, when asked his dog's age, touched the old creature's head, and answered thus: "Teresa" (his daughter) "was born in November, and this one in August." That sheep-dog had seen eighteen years when the great white day came for him, and his spirit passed away up, to cling with the wood-smoke round the dark rafters of the kitchen where he had lain so vast a time beside his master's boots. No, no! If a man does not soon pass beyond the thought: "By what shall this dog profit me?" into the large state of simple gladness to be with dog, he shall never know the very essence of that companionship which depends not on the points of dog, but on some strange and subtle mingling of mute spirits. For it is by muteness that a dog becomes for one so utterly beyond value;

with him one is at peace, where words play no torturing tricks. When he just sits, loving, and knows that he is being loved, those are the moments that I think are precious to a dog; when, with his adoring soul coming through his eyes, he feels that you are really thinking of him. But he is touchingly tolerant of one's other occupations. The subject of these memories always knew when one was too absorbed in work to be so close to him as he thought proper, yet he never tried to hinder or distract, or asked for attention. It dinged his mood, of course, so that the red under his eyes and the folds of his crumple cheeks—which seemed to speak of a touch of bloodhound introduced a long way back into his breeding—grew deeper and more manifest. If he could have spoken at such times, he would have said: "I have been a long time alone, and I cannot always be asleep; but you know best, and I must not criticise."

He did not at all mind one's being absorbed in other humans; he seemed to enjoy the sounds of conversation lifting round him, and to know when they were sensible. He could not, for instance, stand actors or actresses giving readings of their parts, perceiving at once that the same had no connection with the minds and real feelings of the speakers; and, having wandered a little to show his disapproval, he would go to the door and stare at it till it opened and let him out. Once or twice, it is true, when an actor of large voice was declaiming an emotional passage, he so far relented as to go up to him and pant in his face. Music, too, made him restless, inclined to sigh, and to ask questions. Sometimes, at its first sound, he would cross to the window and remain there looking for Her. At others, he would simply go and sit on the loud pedal, and we never could tell whether it was from sentiment or

"Chin very hard against the ground whenever he smelled packing."

stream, which was trying to wash him down into a black hole among the boulders.

The call of the wild—Spring running—whatever it is—that besets men and dogs, seldom attained full mastery over him; but one could often see it struggling against his devotion to the scent of us; and, watching that dumb contest, I have time and again wondered how far this civilisation of ours was justifiably imposed on him; how far the love for us that we had so carefully implanted could ever replace in him the satisfaction of his primitive wild yearnings. He was like a man, naturally polygamous, married to one loved woman.

It was surely not for nothing that Rover is a dog's (not our dog's) most common name, and would be the Englishman's, but for his fearing too much to lose something, to admit, even to himself, that he is hankering. A man once said: "Strange that two such opposite qualities as courage and hypocrisy are the leading characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon!" But is not hypocrisy just a product of tenacity, which is again the lower part of courage? Is not hypocrisy but an active sense of property in one's good name, the clutching close of respectability at any price, the feeling that one must not part, even at the cost of truth, with what he has sweated so to gain? And so we Anglo-Saxons will not answer to the name of Rover, and treat our dogs so that they, too, hardly know their natures.

The history of his one wandering, for which no respectable reason can be assigned, will never, of course, be known. It was in London, of an October evening, when we were told he had slipped out and was not anywhere. Then began those four distressful hours of searching for that black needle in the blacker bundle of hay. Hours of real dismay and suffering—for it is suffering, indeed, to feel a loved thing swallowed up in that hopeless maze of London streets. Stolen or run over? Which was worse? The neighbouring police stations visited, the Dogs' Home notified, an order for five hundred "Lost Dog" bills placed in the printer's hands, the streets patrolled! And then, in a lull snatched for food, and still endeavouring to preserve some aspect of assurance, we heard the bark which meant: "Here is a door I cannot open!" We hurried forth, and there he was on the top doorstep, busy, unashamed, giving no explanations, asking for his supper; and very shortly after him came his five hundred "Lost Dog" bills. Long I sat looking at him that night after my companion had gone up, thinking of the evening, some years before, when there followed us that shadow of a spaniel who had been lost for eleven days. And my heart turned over within me. But he! He was asleep, for he knew not remorse.

Ah! and there was that other time, when it was reported to me, returning home at night, that he had gone out to find me; and I went forth again, disturbed, and whistling his special call to the empty fields. Suddenly out of the darkness I heard a rushing, and he came furiously dashing against my heels from he alone knew where he had been lurking and saying to himself: "I will not go in till he comes!" I could not scold, there was something too lyrical in the return of that live, lonely, rushing piece of blackness through the blacker night. After all, the vagary was but a variation in his practice when one was away at bedtime, of

"When remonstrated with, he would consider a little."



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ROYAL FRIENDS

*A special portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and his favourite dog
By John St. Helier Lunder.*

Sparhawk remained on the bridge through the shouting and excitement of the rescue. He watched, curiously impassive. The *Conch's* boat dropped off and brought the other alongside. He saw the flash of oars. He saw a big negro, naked to the waist, lean forward with a satiny ripple of muscles to grapple. He saw, at last, Carford, hatless, burned black by the sun, caked with salt and dried blood, sitting at the tiller, his wide-open eyes fixed in a gaze accustomed to horror. Lying in a heap, five men, in grotesque attitudes of supplication, of dread, of surrender. . . . And in the bow, crouched, her black shock of hair flung over her face, her arms clasped around her knees, Belle, the yellow woman, alive. . . .

"Alive!" McAvoy voiced Sparhawk's thought in shocked, infuriated tones. "You can't kill 'em! What did I tell you? She's a witch-doctor! Voodoo! Conjurer! She's keeping Carford alive——"

"Shut up!" Sparhawk said sharply.

He went down to the main deck to receive these passengers picked up out of the waste. Five of them were dead, stiff, ugly in death. Two of them were alive, and they came aboard first.

Carford's eyes seemed to be glued open. They carried him into the saloon and laid him on a velvet sofa and put pillows under his head. Belle was in no need of assistance. She followed, carrying her head high, walking with that forward thrust of the body at the hips peculiar to her kind. Her expression was one of amused contempt and indifference.

When they questioned her, she told them that there had been a fire and an explosion. The *Ariel's* crew, most of them, were killed outright. A handful, fifteen in all, had had time to take to the boats and get clear before the steamer sank. "Her insides were blown out," was Belle's graphic description. She tossed her head and contemplated the tips of her slender, honey-coloured fingers. "We were four days in the boats, under that sun. The rest of them died."

"What I'd like to know, Sparhawk," the President fumed, "is how you knew all this?"

"I didn't know," Sparhawk assured him. "There are things beyond your comprehension and mine—this is one of them."

"Tha's so," Belle drawled. "Not so funny as you think, maybe."

"What the devil do you mean by that?"

She shrugged her shoulders. The group of men stared at her with a combined disgust and admiration. A malignant and fascinating product, three generations removed from the Slave Coast, inheritor of the superstitions, the cruelties, and the sullen resentment of two races, she was a peculiarly dangerous creature. "You ask him," she said, rolling her eyes in Carford's direction.

Carford made a weak gesture. He whispered, in his weakness, the name "Sparhawk." It seemed that he wanted to be alone with his enemy. The others left, a compact, tense, excited crowd concentrated on the yellow fury who stalked before them, apparently untouched and unharmed by four days in an open boat without food or water.

Sparhawk bent over the skeleton of Carford, a parched, burning, suffering apparition. Detail for detail, he was as he had appeared in Sparhawk's cabin. His wide-open eyes burned with a fever not of the body, but of the spirit. With a painful gesture, he indicated his breast.

"I'm badly wounded," he managed to say. "But I'm going to live. I brought you back, didn't I?"

He raised himself on his elbow and confronted Sparhawk's silence with a grimace of triumph. "I brought you back, you holy man. And now I'll make you suffer."

Sparhawk said: "How are you going to explain Belle? That won't be easy."

Carford laughed, shivered suddenly, and, twisting about on the red velvet sofa, fainted away. As Sparhawk went for help, an incredible idea presented itself. For the first time it occurred to him that he could fight these forces if he recognised them. If Belle were keeping Carford alive, Belle could let Carford go—where he deserved to go. It only remained for Sparhawk to find the way into that savage consciousness and somehow make her see that she was wasting herself on Carford, that she was holding him—whatever her magic was—for no purpose.

He found her leaning over the rail, impassive, smouldering, with brooding eyes on the sea. The mate, the cook, and Joe, the steward, were watching her from a distance. They scattered at Sparhawk's approach.

"In a few days," he said, "we shall be in Saint Hubert. What will you do?"

Her eyes flickered up at him. "That I don't know. Ask Captain Carford."

"What has he to do with it?"

With a flash of anger, she answered: "He do not dare leave me. Wherever he go, he will take me."

"Not to his home," Sparhawk reminded her. "Mrs. Carford is there. She would not be kind to a woman like you."

"His wife?" She was immovable, yet by a flicker in her wide-open eyes she stood revealed. "His wife? Eh? Not so!" Her shoulders rippled. Her lips parted over her teeth with a sort of feline snarl. She made Sparhawk think of a cat cheated of food. "His wife! Tha's too bad—for him."

With a soundless, graceful gait, she walked away. Sparhawk remained staring after her, terrified by the immediate effect of his words. He knew that he had killed Carford as surely as if he had planted a knife in his heart. He thought of following the woman, of denying what he had just told her, and, somehow, stemming the flood of hate and poison he had unloosed in her. But he was held by his pity for Mary Carford, and by the hope, faint, immaterial, but sustaining, that he might rescue her from this particularly ugly menace. Suddenly he hurried after the disappearing figure of the mulatto, determined to keep her pitiless company until he knew the end of the story.

She went to the saloon, and the crowd of men surrounding Carford parted. They had cut Carford's shirt away from his wounded arms and breast. Perhaps pain had restored him to consciousness. Again his wide-open, sun-bleached eyes stared at the curious onlookers.

Then he saw Belle. And it was evident that he was afraid of her—afraid to death. A froth gathered on his lips. He made a pitiful futile effort to ward off the look she gave him. Arms akimbo, she stood with her feet well planted, and her provocative head thrust forward, her face a study of dark hates and murky, crossed motives and lust

and ugliness—a creature from the jungle right enough. She held Carford in the palm of her hand. Between them there were currents beyond the comprehension of the men who witnessed that curious last scene of a drama that had been played in the dark.

Sparhawk understood, perhaps, better than the others. He felt light-headed and abstracted, helpless.

"What's this?" the President demanded suddenly, breaking the silence with a voice like a bark. "What's this? Eh? This woman?"

Carford jerked himself away from the men who supported him and

lifted both hands. "Don't," he pleaded. "Don't——"

Sparhawk felt the utter hopelessness of the struggle. He might have saved Carford, had he known how. But Belle was killing him in her own fashion. She had kept him alive. Now she was letting him go, because he had lied to her. The *Conch* lay idle in a blaze of midday light; everything seemed to wait with concentrated singleness of intention for Carford to die. It was, Sparhawk thought, as if the woman pushed him off the precarious rim of life; as if she cut the bonds which held him there, one by one; as if, making use of an evil knowledge she had, she were simply disposing of him. . . .

"Don't!" Carford cried again. "Don't let her!"

Sparhawk couldn't bear it. He caught Belle's arm and swung her aside. And at the same instant, with a shudder, a sigh, as if he were falling a long way, Carford died.

Again Sparhawk saw the velvet, green folds of Saint Hubert, lifting out of the mist. Dawn, like a shattered crystal, splintered the sky with points of light. Again the harbour, the Customs wharf, the double row of palmettos, stiff and unreal. Again the white town, the white walls, the white road over the hill. . . .

And again the climb to Mary Carford's gate, the bell jangling somewhere within, her feet on the path, running—running. . . . Herself, wrapped in a long fringed shawl. Herself, pale as the morning, but with fearless eyes.

"I've come for you," Sparhawk said.

Then he told her. They stood in the garden, clasped together. A play of leaf-shadows, a shiver of sunlight, like water, immersed them. And presently Mary Carford told Sparhawk what he had wanted to know: "That letter—I told him I was not afraid. I told him I was going to fight him the only way I knew. I'm tired. I've been fighting alone. Opposing his badness, day and night; not letting him come near me. . . . It's over. I'm tired. . . ."

She lifted her face, and Sparhawk knew he had come home at last.

THE END.



They stood in the garden, clasped together. A play of leaf-shadows, a shiver of sunlight, like water, immersed them.

Tyburn Tree

By
Ernest H. Shepard.

Verses by
Barbara Bingley.

On Tyburn Tree they hanged my lad,
So high for all to see;
And now, because I was his love,
They are for hanging me.

The coaches on the Dover Road
No longer ride in fear,
Because there hangs on Tyburn Tree
The body of my dear.

So fine he looked, the ladies sighed,
To see the cart go by;
But he who took their jewels brave
Hangs black against the sky.

I stood anear Saint Sepulchre's
And waved to him good-bye,
And threw a sprig of lavender
With mint and cherry pie.

They saw me throw my posy gay,
Gave me an evil name;
I travel now the selfsame way
The road my lover came.



THE SIGHT OF THE EYES

By Agnes Muir Mackenzie, Author of "The Half Loaf."
Illustrated by W.R.S. Stott.



THE Doctor's story is the one I remember best. Where we were, and how we got him to tell it, doesn't matter. You can picture him, if you like, as a little brown man with a Scots accent that I shall not try to reproduce, and large round tortoiseshell eyeglasses at the back of a straight briar pipe.

Said he: The important part of this story belongs to some years ago—to a time, in fact, that most of us appear to have forgotten. But I only came on the explanation last December, and I am still wondering whether after all it really was one.

My share in it began with ten days' leave somewhere about the January of 'seventeen. I'd got lost in the practical joke they call King's Cross Tube Station, and when I discovered the fact and swung round to go back, I found myself on the toes of a man I'll call Macinnes. I was against the light, and he was passing without seeing me, so I caught his arm and then instinctively apologised, for he had jumped about a yard and had a face like paper. But as soon as he recognised me he seemed glad enough to meet one of the old crowd, and before my train came in I was trusted to dine with him some two days later.

I had been half thinking of looking him up as it was, for we had dug on the same stairhead in our student days, and I had liked the man; but I had not seen him for over a year, since I had tied up his leg in a dressing station in the Ypres salient. He had been invalided out after that, and gone back to his old job on a London weekly. Bar the ten minutes' hurried bandaging, I had very little idea of what he had been doing in the five years since we had gone down, but all Scots hang together in a strange place, and Mac was a pretty good sort anyhow.

I found him quartered very pleasantly in a street off the King's Road, Chelsea. The little flat was comfortable, and the dinner very good indeed for war-time. Mac talked as well as ever, and had a very decent taste in claret—always the Scotsman's wine, though I noticed he himself drank half a glass of it. But his long figure was thin to the very bone, with a stoop it had not had five years ago, and there were heavy lines across his forehead and the marks of reading-glasses beside the bridge of his big Roman nose.

Before the meal was over, I had noticed something else. The man was scared. Every now and then he would give a quick glance sideways, as if he were trying to surprise something, and his long fingers fiddled continually about his glass. I put it down to war, of course, and we talked of this and that, including fishing. He had been a keen fisherman in the old days, and I was rather surprised to be told emphatically he had chucked it. This was when we were having our coffee on either side of his sitting-room fire, and, being full of a contented peace myself, the acid in his tone rather annoyed me, for after all I had only asked him if he ever got a fishing week-end now, and there was nothing in his limp to hinder it.

The acerbity of the answer checked our talk a moment, and I leant back and looked at him through the smoke of our two pipes. He was sunk into his chair with an elbow on the arm of it, and his long fingers playing with the cord of his reading-glasses, that made a fine black line across his shirt-front. They picked at it with a slow dragging movement that brought the glasses themselves travelling up to his hand from the top of his waistcoat, and I watched their progress till the worrying trick of it got on my nerves. I was on the point of presenting him with a little professional advice on the waste of energy involved in these automatisms, when he leant forward suddenly and looked at me in a way that made me sit up in my chair.

"Mitchell," he said, "you saw how much I drank at dinner."

I was naturally a bit surprised, and answered something about not having noticed particularly, adding: "But if you want me to infer that you are sober, have you any reason to believe—I doubt it?"

He grunted. "I thought you'd better be quite sure. I had about half a glass of claret, and nothing else all day, so I suppose we may take it that I can't be drunk. Very well. Either I'm mad—and you ought to be a judge of that—or what I'm going to say to you is true. If I am mad, you can tell me, and I'll make arrangements. If I'm sane—well,

it will be some relief to get the damned thing off my chest. In case you think I'm pulling your leg, I can certainly assure you that I'm not."

My after-dinner peacefulness dissolved. Mad or sane, there was no doubt that Macinnes was in earnest, nor that he was in serious need of help. He was grey in the face, with eyes unnaturally brilliant, and, though he sat still in his chair, the glasses, which had climbed up to his fingers, were swinging like a little pendulum.

I said: "I don't doubt your sincerity, old man. I'm quite sure you are sober; and I see nothing to indicate you aren't as sane as I am. But something's played hell with your nerves. What's up?"

He laughed, not pleasantly. "The devil knows! I fancy he does know, in fact. I'm only paying an old bill, after all."

He leant back, looking into the fire, and was silent for a moment. "You asked me about fishing just now. Well, this began with a month's fishing in the Isles, before the war. I was at a farmhouse on the west coast of South Uist. There was a girl in the place—a slender dark barefooted thing, with eyes like beech-leaves. It's the old story. I was a cad, of course. But you don't know those white summer nights, with a hundred scents in them, and moonlight that's as heavy as the sea."

He broke off, staring at the fire, and then went on again. "It went on for about a week or so, I think. I never thought of the future, nor did she. Then the mail came. We got it and the papers once a week. That week was the beginning of August 1914. I was in the London Scottish, of course—but I suppose I'd have gone anyhow. Still, but for that, I'd probably have stayed till the next boat. As it was, there simply wasn't time to think. I got ten minutes alone with her beside the peat-stack, and I think I told her that I would come back. She made no fuss about it—I remember being rather hurt she was so calm. Then I went back to Lochboisdale with the post."

"Well, we were the first T.F. battalion to go out, and before the winter I had seen some pretty lively fighting. Then I got mixed up with a mine when we were trying to take a place called Houlemonde. That was about Christmas, and I was in hospital till spring, and not particularly active, either. But though I had rather forgotten the girl when I was in Picardy—a Western summer night was not the kind of thing one remembered as being very real that winter, and my mother died at the beginning of my only leave—I thought a lot about the thing in hospital. I couldn't write, because, crazy as it sounds, I didn't know her surname; there's little variety of names in the Outer Isles, and the country folk don't use them but on paper. I knew my landlord's, of course,

but she was only a stepdaughter. However, early in April I got out of the convalescent place in Surrey, and went straight north-west. I'd had no word of her, white or black, since the day I'd said good-bye behind the peat-stack, and—well, I'd thought of several things in hospital. I went out to Mangersta—it was a bright spring morning and the machair beginning to show green, although the crofts were black yet. The tide was just turning from the ebb, and I remember the smell of the naked weed below the sands.

"I knocked at the open door. There came no answer, but I could hear a voice crooning very softly in the Gaelic—an eerie slow sound with a kind of wail in it. I went on into the kitchen. Barabal was sitting by the hearth, and singing to a bundle in her arms. Man, it's a queer thing—" He broke off and changed the sentence, and his voice was colourless as he went on.

"Before I could control my throat, my eyes got used to the dimmer light, and I saw that what she was rocking was nothing but a piece of rolled-up cloth. Then she looked round at me, and her face never changed. She just went on crooning as if I wasn't there, and always she rocked steadily the empty shawl. I couldn't stand it, and I turned and found her mother at my elbow. I can't tell you what she said, though I remember well enough. I was too late, anyhow. Maybe if I'd written—but the child had been born six months after I'd gone. Barabal had lived, though; but that was all.

"The old woman told me this quite quietly, and I hadn't anything to say. But when I did try to speak, she cursed me, in Gaelic first, and



I got ten minutes alone with her beside the peat-stack, and I think I told her that I would come back.

then, remembering herself, in English; and still and on, whenever she stopped for breath, I could hear the girl's voice crooning steadily, and see her face indifferent as she rocked that bundle. At last I just turned and went; there was simply nothing else that I could do. The sound of the two voices came after me till I reached the gate.

"Well, I tried to do what I could, through the parish priest. But the mother refused, and Barabal died about a month after. I was back in France, doing my best to get decently killed; but of course I'd have been safe three feet in front of a machine-gun. At last I got it, in the knee. They had to chuck me out of the Army, so I went back to my old job, and tried to keep my head full of work. But I can't. Pretty story, isn't it?"

His face was composed enough, but his eyes stirred me to attempt an answer. I remembered some of the things he had said, and leant forward quickly. "Look here, Macinnes, you say you did go back to her —"

He nodded, without change of expression, and I went on: "Well, you'd have been—it wasn't your fault you were too late. I mean—of course, the thing was pretty ghastly——"

He laughed, in a kind of snarl. "You needn't, thank you. I managed to believe that, for a while—got to think that the summer part of it was merely 'primitive nature'—the *Cash's Magazine* sort of touch—youth and hot blood and an Island summer—all that sort of thing. Wrong, of course, according to the parsons, but not with a particularly damning sort of wrongness, bar the sheer bad luck. I got quite sentimental over

Macinnes draw a long breath, and they changed place, and instead of the empty stare, they showed malevolent. He stooped swiftly, but they were gone under his hand.

He looked at me as he rose to his feet. "You saw them, then?" His voice was not quite steady.

I said "Yes," and then wondered if the lie would have been better after all.

He threw up his head with a laugh. "That settles that, then. Will you have a drink?"

I thought it over when I got back to my hotel, but for the life of me I couldn't see what I was to do. It wasn't a case for medical treatment, and even if a priest would have been any good, which in the circumstances I was not quite sure of, Macinnes's religion, so far as he had any, was orthodox Presbyterian. So I gave it up, the more as my leave was about over. But I couldn't get those green vacant eyes out of my mind, and the memory of poor Mac's was quite as bad. It was difficult to write, but at last I concocted a letter of sorts, half hospital shop and half—well, I haven't any too much religion myself, but I did hunt up some bits of a Field Testament I thought might possibly have come in useful. In about a week I got back the letter, marked, 'Deceased.' I can't say that I was surprised. Allardyce, the man in charge of the next ward, got leave then, and I asked him to find out for me just what had happened to Macinnes. I had my suspicions as it was, and I wasn't



"Look here, Mitchell," he said. "If nobody but myself can see them, I'm insane. But if—can you see *that*?" I looked at the hearth, and gripped the arms of my chair. Gazing up from the middle were two living eyes.

the affair, and really convinced myself I hadn't been responsible for—the way it ended. Then one night at the beginning of winter, I saw her eyes looking up at me from the hearth."

His voice was perfectly matter-of-fact, but he rather hurried the last sentence, and accompanied it with the queer sideways glance I'd seen him use at dinner. I stared at him, and he smiled grimly back at me.

"You see why I had to make it clear I wasn't drunk. It's just as I say. They look at me from the hearth of an evening.' I glanced with a slight shiver at the warm cheerful gleam of the green tiles. "Not every evening. In fact, I never know when they will come. But they've been there for weeks, off and on. One of the things her mother said was that I'd see them—'see them with no sense in them,' she said. Generally they haven't, either, but there are times when they look angry."

In spite of my profession, I've never ceased to feel the uncanniness of insanity, and I felt my skin begin to pringle. But before I could think of anything to say to him, he started violently, and looked at me with a sort of dreadful gaiety.

"Look here, Mitchell," he said. "If nobody but myself can see them, I'm insane. But if—can you see *that*?"

I looked at the hearth, and gripped the arms of my chair. Gazing up from the middle were two living eyes. I remembered Macinnes's description, "the colour of beech-leaves," and that in fact is what they were; but they had no beauty, only an awful blankness. I heard

particularly startled to hear that his death had been due to an accident—while cleaning a service revolver.

That's all the first part. The war went on, and I stuck to my unit and had good luck in missing things, till in the summer of 'eighteen we got in the way of the big German drive. It was mustard gas, and I had a job and a half getting my poor devils evacuated. I got my mask smashed in the mix-up, and was in hospital for a bit, pretty well blind. I can see all right now, of course, but I'll always have to wear glasses, and by bad luck two different pairs of them, reading and "distant."

Well, one east-windy night some months ago, I was sitting in my sister's, nearly on top of a big log fire. I was idly watching it when suddenly I saw, looking up at me from the hearth, a pair of green malignant eyes. I let out an exclamation, and Jenny, of course, asked, "What's the matter?"

"Look there," I said.

She looked. "Oh, yes. It's horribly like a pair of eyes, isn't it? You can make the expression alter most uncannily if you tilt your glasses."

"My glasses?"

"Your reading-glasses—in your hand. The lamplight is just catching them. I've often noticed it with mine."

I put them in their case, and lit a pipe. Here was the explanation of the haunting that had driven poor Macinnes to his death. And yet, after all . . . precisely how much would you say yourself that it explains?

THE END.



DRESSING DOLLY FOR THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Oh!
What a feast
is here!





"JUST LIKE OLD TIMES FOR NOAH!"

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*There's a fine old spirit about Christmas time —
Dewar's.*



Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

SHE was born on a wild, snowy day in mid-March. Her mother did not remember which day, being, in the language of the dale, "noan gettin' ower it as weel as she should." There were eight of them by the time Emma Roster was thirty. She gave up the ghost when Barbara was twelve, and the youngest four days old.

"Take care o' my baby, Barbara," she appealed.

"Yes, kiss of me, mother," was Barbara's answering appeal.

"No, you might take of it—"

The worn-out woman thrust Barbara aside impatiently, adding midway in a fit of coughing: "Then what would they all do?" She laid her burden on the thin shoulders of the sombre-faced child.

"The lass shapes very well, Roster," said her maternal grandmother.

"Let alone of her; she shapes very well."

This was after Roster had belted Barbara with the buckle-end of his belt for not making the housekeeping money spin out until week-end.

"She is the stubbornest mule ever walked," asserted Dave Roster.

So began Barbara's epic struggle to answer her mother's appeal. At the age of sixteen, by the time little Benjamin was sitting in the village school writing pot-hooks, she was over-tall, and had a prematurely harassed look, which, when it momentarily passed at some kind word which took her spirit by surprise, left her face extraordinarily calm and beautiful. In the night-falls, when the mists swooped down on the sodden bents, she looked like a spirit of lost lands, as she drove her father's lean sheep to the fold.

"All Dave Roster's livestock are lean," said the country folk. "He likes it so weel he could eat it with a knife and fork." Which was another way of saying that Dave Roster would save a pot of brass if he had to starve stock and family to do it.

Roster, indeed, was laying money by. Two of his boys, small as they were, were hired out to a farmer. Barbara ran the house. His was the only smithy on the road to town, and gentlemen had the horses shod by Roster, often bringing them miles for the purpose. He was a fine workman. What he did stood the racket of frost and thaw.

In the dim mornings, when the sun was late rising, they gathered around the table, scrubbed each night by Barbara with sand from the river. Dave Roster shared his egg with the four youngest ones. Barbara ate treacle on dry bread cheerfully. The boy who helped in the smithy claimed a portion like his father's. They ate silently, with Esther kneeling on the fender, blowing the fire with the bellows. Then they would be off to school, smithy, and field, all but the four youngest ones, and Esther would say in a creepy whisper, whilst the shadows danced in the corner behind their mother's empty chair: "I dreamed of *her* last night, Barbara."

"She never comes to me," Barbara would answer. "Never once. She never comes to me."

The dull pain that she was never so visited in dreams by her mother gradually faded. She was oddly lacking in what is called temperament. She had no moods. Her soul flowed calmly like a deep river. That was what astonished everyone, when Harris, who ran a night-school for boys, said she could certainly draw.

She was seventeen then. Roster had denied her dancing. She took the first revenge she could think of. She joined Harris's night-school for boys, and, impervious to the taunts of the farmers' sons sitting behind

her, sat, pencil in hand, her gaze glued to the blackboard and its objects. The first outlines she made were so bold and deliberate and unerringly perfect that Harris asked her if she had a hidden ruler somewhere.

"You certainly have confidence," he told her slowly. "But cannot you soften your outlines?"

Barbara did not understand.

"It is possible to have perfection of line, and no soul to it," said Harris. "However, you can draw."

A month later he made the same complaint. "Try to soften your outlines," he advised.

She lifted her head from her book. The leonine glory of her countenance hurled itself at him—the little drawing-master who was married to a little doll who dressed in frilly frocks. Harris felt strange emotions race through him, meeting the sombre eyes of this gawky girl.

"I cannot soften anything," she confessed sorrowfully. "I see it bold—stark—like it was frozen forever and forever."

"Never mind," said Harris.

The schoolroom was empty. Rain splashed the panes. The pictures of the Armada and of Leicester and Queen Elizabeth loomed large and wooden of form down from the wall.

"Do you know you are beautiful?" asked Harris.

She gaped at him. He suddenly and very softly slid his arm about her waist. She glanced down at his hand then, made no comment, upraised her book silently, and brought it down upon his head. Maddened and surprised, Harris kissed her. She stood gaping at him when he released her.

"I'll tell my father you have kissed of me," said Barbara calmly; "or will you stand and let me hit you?" she asked.

Harris gasped. "I'll murder you if you tell," he told her.

"Or will you stand and let me hit you?" asked Barbara again.

Harris offered his cheek. He did not think she would have struck so hard—if at all.

The flesh rose up from her open hand, hard and sinewy, striking him full across the face.

"You are no artist!" said Harris, in a rage.

Barbara made a grimace. "I'll not tell my father you've kissed of me," she said. "You'd best wash of the blood off at the bowl; you're bleeding a bit. It caught your lip."

Forever after little Harris was afraid of her. She sat immutable amongst the taunting boys. Then one evening she came no more.

"She was no artist," mused the little drawing-master. "I knew she would give it up."

But Barbara sat now, after nine o'clock on the summer night, staring at the world from a high attic window. Heavy rains, after the droughts, swilled the sills with water, splashed and blotched her drawings. She tried to bore holes in the woodwork to let the rain run back again. Sometimes she went to bed with wet hair, when tiny cascades had come through the roof, which was not underdrawn. She was drawing the world as she saw it, through the strange wild eyes of that creature she had subdued within herself—to take up her mother's burden. Stars! How large they looked from here! So she drew them large, and the dark shapes of cows in the half-waste fields very small, as she saw them. She drew herself, a shadowy silhouette sketched from the candle-lit wall of the sloping-roofed attic, and took it down to the vicarage to see what Mr. Hazel thought of it.



"I'll tell my father you have kissed of me," said Barbara; "or will you stand and let me hit you?" she asked.

"What do you want me to say, Barbara?" asked the vicar, humorously kind.

"The truth," Barbara told him, unflinching.

When she had gone, the vicar turned a puzzled face to his wife.

"They are the weirdest things I ever saw," he said. "There is something about them, but, good Lord! Lucy, you can't draw a tree like a mushroom, and the moon like a giant balloon. She has upended perspective. She says it is as things look at certain hours. I suppose she will marry some clod in the end, and forget this mania."

"Much healthier for her," said the vicar's wife, who was headachy.

One evening Barbara went down to the horse-show, and came back with sketches. She worked them out in the attic of the sloping roof. They were bought as curiosities by several farmers who were "drawn," and caused much hilarity in the village inn. All but young Doncaster, who had admired Barbara as she had stood boldly up amongst the merry company, saying, as one who cried "Potatoes": "Home-drawn pictures from the Barbary Show. You're on, Mr. Edwards; and you, too, Jim o' Wilds; and you, Lot o' Bess's. Five shillings each!"

Young Doncaster went down to see Roster one evening. Barbara turned sharply round from the table she was scrubbing, as his speech ended.

"I don't want to go linking up of anyone," she said. "I woan't go linking up of anyone. I've set out to draw on things, an' I'm goin' to draw on 'em."

"You hear of her?" said Roster, phlegmatically.

When Doncaster had gone he told Barbara of the new mother who was coming soon. Barbara went the colour of ashes.

"Her after my mother?" she questioned.

"Don't be silly, Barbara," said Roster. "I told her you'd soon be snapped up, being hearty and handy. She's took a dislike to you, as being of an artist character, and so it may be either Doncaster or lodgings." Barbara fronted him, her eyes boring him through.

"She has a villainous tongue," she told him, "as well as a pot o' brass. It's a poor man turns his children out o' doors for a pot o' brass. Father, it's lodgings. You'll let me see the children—at times?"

Roster nodded. Three weeks later he married the widow. Barbara moved into lodgings. Her father gave her two golden sovereigns. In the autumn she went the rounds of the farms. She shirked nothing, and did man's labour, when there was nothing else. But her hands shook when she sat down with the pencil, trying to draw things as she had seen them. Sometimes she fell asleep, and awoke, the pencil on the floor. Still she persisted. Yet gradually the knowledge was dawning on her that she was defeated. To live she had to work heavily, till her hands shook when she took up a pencil. Sleep-starved, she was running

the hazard of a crash. There were times when she felt the real world strange and unreal. A few people told her she was killing herself—killing herself, she could not assist Benjamin and the "younger end." She was thinking it all out in Restworn Wood, in the winter, when she saw a dim figure at the far end, sketching. She followed the track and paused beside him.

"My name is Weymouth," he informed her, in answer to her question.

"Mine is Roster," she told him in return. "I used to think I could draw, but I know now I can't—you can."

"Could you show me any—?" began Weymouth.

He was a delicate-featured youth with a rather grim mouth.

"Yes; I came down to drown them in the weir," said Barbara.

She pulled a handful of crumpled papers from her jacket pocket, and thrust them at him. Weymouth stood looking at them.

"They are crude, of course," he said at length; "but there's something in them."

She went slowly to an oak nearby, and leaned against it, pale with joy. Weymouth looked at the girl who had created a new art from a juxtaposition of perspective.

"I believe I could place some of these for you," he told her. "They will have to be done all over again. I will alter them, and, of course, I will put your name."

Barbara nodded. Her heart was too full for words. She was not concerned about names.

"Good heavens! The conception!" muttered Weymouth, as he left for London, with fifty of the village girl's pain-born drawings in his valise.

Barbara was down at her old home. She was standing by the table she had so often scrubbed. Benjamin was crying.

"An' I'll take him too, if he's in your way," she shouted hotly.

"An' 'ow'll you keep of him?" asked Roster feebly.

"Give of him to me—an' I'll keep of him," promised Barbara in a quick breath.

"Let her take of him, Roster," urged the widow.

Roster loosened his collar, then he nodded his head. Barbara backed out, with Benjamin—her gaze on her father's face. He sagged before that look.

"She bean't able to keep of him," he said fifteen minutes later.

"She be good-enough-looking to keep three such brats," said the widow.

Roster's hands clenched. He went out into the shed to look at the three new cows bought with her money. That calmed him.

"Roster, what's thy lass a-doin' on?" he was asked about a month

[Continued overleaf.]



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later. "She's a purse full o' money. What be she doin'?" If it was my lass I'd be uneasy."

So he went to see Barbara. Benjamin was in bed. She was drawing by the fading light, in her bed-room.

"What be you doin', Barbara, with a purse o' money?" asked Roster fiercely.

Barbara explained. Roster laughed harshly.

"Think I'll believe a cock-an'-bull story like that?" he asked.

"Barbara, if I catch you earning false money, I'll put a bullet through you."

Patiently she showed him her receipts, and Weymouth's letter.

"'Tis for a further fetch," declared Roster. "Be he young?"

Barbara nodded. A red tide surged suddenly to her brow.

"Barbara, you be in love wi' him!" declared Roster.

"No!" almost shouted Barbara.

"Has he shown you them drawing things he have made from yours?" demanded Roster.

"No!" almost sobbed Barbara.

"He be takin' of you in, Barbara," said Roster. "He be sending you the money for nothin', to get round you, Barbara—that's it. You send the money back to him. Do you hear? Send it back. He be trying to make a Jezebel of you, my girl. I be fond of you, Barbara, in my own way. Ask him for the copies of the papers where he has sold of your drawings? If he does not answer, he be tricking you. Send back the money."

She stared at him in the dim bed-room. The proof of his love lay in the fact that he was asking her to send money back.

Agony at the breaking dream, tired wonder at the revelation in her father, tore at her.

"Doan't. Doan't, Barbara, lass," urged Roster. "Men be not worth it."

He kissed her awkwardly on her wet young cheek. For once in his life he had set something before his craze for money. When he had gone, Barbara wrote to Weymouth, asking for the proofs of the papers where her drawings, as re-created by him, had been taken.

No answer came. Slow days drifted by. No answer came. She collected the money he had sent her, and wrote that she would send the five pounds she had spent, later, after she had earned it.

As stolidly as she had smacked Harris's face, she now smacked Weymouth's—though the striking left a bitter, cruel weal in her own heart.

"Because I be but a country girl, you think I be green," she wrote. "You can keep what you have got. I never want to see of you again. (Signed) Barbara Roster."

Weymouth, blissfully unconcerned about this note, was wandering in the chaotic world of fantasy. Stenway had sent in "Where the Eaves Hang Low," finding Weymouth absolutely as indifferent to its going in

as a man in fever can be. Stenway slept when he could, and struggled with Weymouth when he took himself for lions at bay, or a caterpillar chased by a long-billed cormorant.

Weymouth took the turn in the fine gloom of a February evening.

"Been ill or something, Stenway?" he asked, in a far-away whisper.

He looked at his hands. Something did appear to have happened to them.

"It's all right, old man," Stenway told him. "I've sent 'Where the Eaves Hang Low,' in to the Academy. Finest thing you ever did. Fact, couldn't have thought you could have done it."

Weymouth almost jumped out of bed.

"Glory! There should have been two names to it!" he exclaimed.

"I got the conception from—what's the date?"

Stenway told him.

"Any letters—?"

Stenway brought them up. Weymouth left her letter to the last. Then he found he could not understand it.

"Read it, Stenway," he asked of his friend.

Stenway read it.

"But *what* the devil does she mean?" queried Weymouth fretfully. Then "Where are my clothes, Stenway? Bring me my clothes, and look up a train—"

Stenway stared. "Look here!" he said. "I'll go down and clear the troubled air."

Weymouth considered him. "I'll wait," he said, and collapsed.

Barbara meanwhile had taken an inveterate hatred to art and artists. She had promised young Doncaster, who was "healthy" on horses, to go to the Festival with him. She was hiring out on farms, doing hedging and ditching, and sleeping heavy o' nights. Her face had a look the village could not understand—seeing that the village had "set it out" that Barbara Roster had been mixed up with an artist from London. Roster, too, was ill abed, and denied his pipe. Another of the Roster's "older end" had run away. Emma's little family was running all amok.

Barbara went down to see her father, and smuggled him a pipe, and opened him the window, after he had had a smoke, "so that *she* did not know."

"You be a fine lass, Barbara," said Roster. "I dreamed o' your mother last night."

"She never comes to me," said Barbara.

Down through the wide-eyed, gaping village she walked—defiant, and with her chin up. Young Doncaster waited for her by the stores at the top of the town.

"Evening, Barbara," he greeted her.

"Evening," answered Barbara.

"How long be you going to be afore you links wi' me?" inquired Doncaster. "You be no artist, Barbara. You knows it. You bean't

[Continued overleaf.]



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no real artist, Barbara. Better to marry me. I be good to you, Barbara—and you stop the village talk."

The long rays of the setting sun flooded the narrow street. Barbara stared steadfastly at Doncaster. He had a hearty, human look. There was nothing of the artist about him.

"I'll think of it, John," she told him.

"It'd stop all the village from saying you be pining," said Doncaster.

"Do they say that?" asked Barbara.

Doncaster nodded.

"I be goin' your ways," he said a minute later. "Maybe if I linked you up through the village it would stop their tongues."

She placed her hand stiffly within his arm. John Doncaster towed her triumphantly through the village.

But Barbara was not looking at him. With her arm linked woodenly in his, and her head held up—a little too defiantly—she walked through her native village. At the end of the village they parted company, and she walked stony-gazed towards the little house where she lodged. Old Mrs. Binns was doing her best to comfort little Benjamin.

"I be tir't, Benjamin," she told of him, sitting on the bed with him in her arms. "I be just tir't, that's all. I be goin' to the Festival wi' Johnny Doncaster. I be just tir't."

Thereafter, she bought four yards of pink muslin, and made it into a dress. Old Mrs. Binns stared at her when she came downstairs on a mild spring morning.

"Barbara, I hardly knew of you!" she said.

"I be goin' wi' Johnny Doncaster to the merry-making," Barbara told her. "I'll bring you back goodies and snaps and toys, Benjamin. Be a good boy."

Whilst all the time, as she walked along the glimmering road to meet Johnny Doncaster, who was "hearty and healthy," and straight and honest, and no artist, and therefore a good man, to the crackling of her starched muslin dress over the springtide grass by the wayside, she was thinking of her mother, as she had beheld her in the dream last night.

"Why came she last night, and why came she in tears?" mused Barbara.

Doncaster met her with a flushed face of welcome.

"See you in the papers, Barbara, another artist blew out his brains last night?" he asked.

Barbara shook her head. She never read the papers.

"I be too tir't," she said.

"'Tis gospel," Johnny assured her. "They always comes to a bad end, them artists."

"They go their ways an' we go ours, John," she told him.

Then—she stopped dead. Down the glimmering road a figure was approaching. She looked, and looked away. So many figures had she seen approach so, and seen them fade into other and commonplace forms.

Johnny Doncaster stared at it.

"We go down through the wood-path, eh, Barbara?" he asked. "They go their ways and we go ours."

Pale, heart-suffocated, she allowed herself to be led.

As they stepped into the tangled undergrowth of the wood, Weymouth's voice rang down to them.

"Miss Roster, I have come two hundred miles. I must speak to you."

Barbara stared at Doncaster.

He placed his finger across his lips and shook his head.

"It doan't seem fair, not to answer," whispered Barbara.

Doncaster dragged her along—away.

"Miss Roster!" called Weymouth.

She put her hand across her mouth, chewed at it, and stood staring. Then she heard him breaking through the undergrowth as he ran. Doncaster dragged her along—away—

"Stop!" yelled Weymouth.

He was gaining on them. When he reached them, Barbara was leaning against a tree, and Doncaster was standing near her, possessively.

"What do you mean by this letter?" asked Weymouth. "Look you, I have left a sick bed to answer this. What did you mean by it? Why did you send the money back? Out with it. Speak. Be as truthful in yourself as you are with your pencil. The pictures have come out as by us both. They were by us both. We call them collaborations. In what way have I robbed you?"

She shrank away from him. How could she tell him that she had thought there was nothing in her pictures, and that his sending of money was to delude her into some moral ruin?

She rolled her handkerchief round and round in her hand.

"I be goin' to the merry-making with Johnny Doncaster," she said stubbornly. "I be no artist. I be goin' to marry Johnny Doncaster. I be kept busy then—as women be. I be goin' merry-making—"

Doncaster linked her arm in his. Weymouth called his parting shot.

"You will find her an artist, Doncaster," he shouted, white to the lips. "You are a swine! Just a swine! You know—"

But Doncaster dragged Barbara on. She collapsed midway in the road.

He took her in his arms, but she struggled away, and said she was all right, all right. Weymouth went on to the village. He also was going to the merry-making. Barbara Roster had gone merry-making with a man who knew he would marry an artist who would provide him with rivers of ale, and excursions amongst horses. Weymouth also told himself he was going merry-making, as he jogged to it—on a spring-cart.

"Half o' the matches i' the neighbourhood are made at the merry-making," said the driver. "The girls they lives bottled up, as you might

[Continued overleaf.]



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say, all the year, sludging about, then they comes out in their muslins, and drinks some mulled ale—and jigs to the fiddlers, and starts off where their mothers did. An' it goes on and on forever. Life be terrible queer."

Weymouth answered the rural philosopher nothing.

He felt it in two ways. Barbara Roster, the woman, was drifting down the eternal track of the pent-in woman who would "sludge" about to their graves. Barbara Roster, the artist, was going to be warped and wasted. Jog—jog—jog! The pulsations of movement gave him that queer pain in the side which had been his ever since his illness. He clenched his hands at the thought of her drifting down the maelstrom of loveless passion, perhaps even as he sat there—jog—jog—jog. The warmth of the earth rose up at him like a menace. Mulled ale and heat, and the dance under the trees, became webs spun by Nature, who became to him a great Spider, dragging women to their doom, to the eternal creation of life, most of which lived and died negatively, passive and deluded. Dew shaken from old hawthorns fell on him as they brushed along. He wanted to urge the driver to go faster.

Through the miles they journeyed he sat like a mute at a funeral. He took out his note-book and scanned the words written months past, just to see how they looked.

"Barbara Roster Weymouth."

Through them he had drawn a line, wondering if he were crazy, to have passed through an avenue of beauty and talent, and to have come at last to a country girl who spoke the vernacular and upset perspective—and came to him like a draught of pure well-water in drought. He closed the note-book.

"Yonder be the merry-making," said the driver.

He saw splotches of green through the openings in the trees, and specks of pastel gay figures, and heard the jumbled strains of the fiddlers. When he got out he sought for the two figures everywhere, but could not find them. The din and hilarity, the heat, confused him.

"It be like looking for a needle in a haystack to find anyone at the merry-making," an old yokel told him, noticing his anxious searching.

He recalled now that he had seen the same yokel in the village. "Have you seen Barbara Roster?" he asked.

"She and Johnny Doncaster were nigh the swing boats," said he, gaping.

So Weymouth went round to the swing boats. She was not there.

He cared nothing for the babble of villagers.

"Have you seen Barbara Roster?" he asked.

He asked it of the young dancing, and of the old drinking their mulled ale under the trees. Nobody knew. Then a country lad turned round and said casually: "Johnny Doncaster has taken her to the booth. She was tir't."

He walked over to the booth.

"So many girls are in pink muslin," said the girl in the booth, who also wore pink muslin. She set her gaze on Weymouth's fine face. He eyed her casually and passed on. He drifted to an inn, and sat in a quiet room.

"No. There be nobody there but a gentleman asleep, with the heat," he heard.

He closed his eyes as they came in.

"I be tir't," said Barbara, flopping down. "Johnny, I be going back."

"We just take a glass o' wine, to revive us," said Johnny. Then Barbara rose to her feet. She placed her hand to her mouth.

"It be—him," she said to Doncaster.

"Bother him! He be asleep," urged Johnny.

Weymouth stretched his arms, opened his eyes, yawned, then sat up and regarded them. Barbara, in a crumpled muslin dress, flushed of face, and with something in her manner that told of mulled ale, stared at him like a frightened rabbit.

"So you follow me and my girl to the merry-making?" queried Doncaster, loweringly.

"Nonsense!" Weymouth answered. "You know you will never marry Miss Roster. Miss Roster, you know you will never marry this fellow. Miss Roster has work to do."

Barbara sat down heavily.

"What be it to do with you?" she inquired heavily.

"What'll you 'ave?" inquired the landlady.

"Wine for three," ordered Weymouth.

She brought the glasses in and set them down. Weymouth paid.

"Now, we better be going, Barbara girl," urged Johnny. "Good-day to you, Mr. Weymouth."

"I be goin' too," said Weymouth.

Johnny started. Almost it was as though Weymouth deliberately cast off the artist and the "veneer" of "gentleman" and said to Doncaster: "We be two males—stalking one female. One of us conquers."

Barbara gaped at them. Her head was heavy. She wanted to cry. She was vaguely afraid of trouble between them.

They steered her out between them, and took the way through the wood. They helped her across a stream. Half-way up the bank Doncaster's fist shot out.

"I teach you to mind your own business," he told Weymouth.

Weymouth staggered, then landed Doncaster a blow. Barbara opened her mouth to scream for help, then changed her mind—her impulse.

"We be fighting for the lady," said Weymouth.

"Hit him, Johnny! Hit him!" called Barbara.

All her village blood, touched by her mulled ale and the red wine, ran fever heat of patriotism.

(Continued on Page 5)

RHEUMATIC TORTURE DURING COLD WEATHER

READER EXPLAINS AMAZING RECOVERY AFTER MONTHS OF AGONY.

For many years I suffered the excruciating pains of articular, muscular and acute inflammatory rheumatism. These pains were especially severe during cold and damp weather, due, as I afterwards learned, to the fact that the skin contracts at such times, so the pores close and do not eliminate acidulous impurities as they normally should; therefore additional work is thrown on the kidneys. After consulting numerous specialists and trying various advertised remedies without benefit, I was very much discouraged, until one day a friend advised me to flush out my kidneys by drinking twice daily a tumbler of water containing about a level teaspoonful of Alkia Saltrates. After following this advice for two days my lumbago and sciatic pains had entirely vanished, my swollen joints were less painful and greatly reduced, and I felt better than in several years. I continued the treatment two weeks longer, and in more than three months that have passed since then, not a trace of rheumatism has returned, even my formerly gouty foot being now in perfectly normal condition. This remarkable compound, which, as pure refined Alkia Saltrates, can be obtained from any chemist, consists of the deposits or precipitates from certain natural curative medicinal spring waters, and it is not at all expensive. Only a few ounces will be required, and in its pure, refined state it is practically tasteless to drink, yet as a uric acid solvent and eliminant its powers are astonishing, almost beyond belief. C.N.H.

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"CHAPERON ROUGE, RUN HOME!"

Three times she knocks, and three times more,
Yet no one stirs within;
Who can have barred that stubborn door
And drawn the wooden pin?
Although the shutter, gaping wide,
Is thrust against the wall,
She cannot reach to peep inside,
Because she is so small.

Chaperon Rouge, you must not try
To reach that narrow pane;
The willow tree could tell you why:
Child, do not knock again!
The willow shakes his tresses grey
Above his mossy brows;
He knows what came at break o' day
Unto that silent house.

He saw that when the morning broke
In pomp of cloudless gold
Yon chimney bore a plume of smoke;
Why did the hearth grow cold?
Why did the clatter of the pot,
The swishing of the broom,
The hiss of bacon crackling hot,
Die in that unseen room?

Since Something moved the inward latch
With uncouth touch and slow,
The frightened roses on the thatch
Sway trembling to and fro:
The willow grins to see their fear,
Like some old mocking gnome;
Chaperon Rouge, run home, my dear—
Chaperon Rouge, run home!

D. M. S.

"GRISELDA."

FROM THE PAINTING BY FELIX DE GRAY.



"SHE IT WAS WHO IN TIME RESTORED HIS TRUST IN WOMAN."

We give here a modern artist's rendering of the familiar story of Patient Griselda, told in Boccaccio's "Decameron" and in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." A note with the artist's picture puts it thus: A young and valiant Prince, who was of a melancholy nature, and had little faith in the virtue of women, once lost his

way in a vast forest. Riding forward at haphazard, he discovered in a clearing of the woods a charming and modest shepherdess, of whom he enquired his direction, and she aided him to find the way back to his palace. She it was who in time restored his trust in woman, and at last became his well-beloved wife.

RIQUET WITH THE TUFT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FELIX DE GRAY.



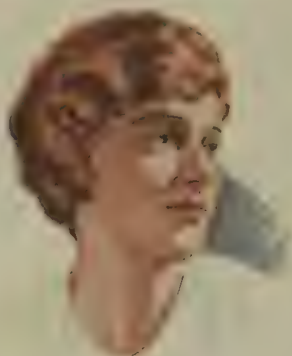
"ALL IS FAIR IN WHAT WE LOVE, ALL WE LOVE POSSESSES WIT."

The tale of Riquet with the Tuft is well-known from the pages of Perrault, but our readers may be interested in this new version of the old story in artistic form. The young Prince's cleverness was only equalled by his ugliness. One day he met a young Princess, and marvelled at her exceeding beauty; but, unhappily, the poor girl was as foolish as she was fair, and this made him

very sad. Riquet with the Tuft fell in love with her, and straightway the maiden became highly intelligent. Some time afterwards the Prince came back to wed her, and she in turn loved him, whereupon he grew as handsome as his bride was beautiful. Love alone can work these miracles, and, as Perrault says: "All is fair in what we love, All we love possesses wit."

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the health doctor*



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havoc with the fresh beauty of your girls' complexions. Guard their skin health, for it is in the pores of the skin that harmful germs find a lodging. See that their daily bath is taken with Lifebuoy Soap. Give them a tablet each week to keep in their school lockers. It will mean a clear, radiant skin when they attain womanhood.

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Amid Snow and Ice: Christmas Among British Game Birds.

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MORNING:
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SNOW"—A
WATER-COLOUR
DRAWING
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J. C. HARRISON.



IN BLEAK
AND
ICY HAUNTS:
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A WINTER
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As when in Islington,
Round Old St. Paul's or by the Fleet,
They cried in every quaint Old Street,
"Lavender! Sweet Lavender!
Who'll buy my Lavender?"*



There's Magic In It.

Copies of this picture carefully printed in full colour on Art paper may be had from A. & F. Peart, Ltd., Soapmakers to Their Majesties, The King and Queen, 71-75, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 1. Price 2s. post free.

Christmas a Hundred Years Ago.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

They hope that they may be in time;
 They hurry through the crunching snow;
 Those hoarse old bells began to chime
 A little while ago.
 What is more disconcerting than
 To hear, as tardy stragglers do,
 The Parson's "When the Wicked Man" . . .
 Hurled at your rustling pew?

Papa is thinking of the port
 Which he will sip when dinner's done;
 He trusts the sermon may be short,
 But dreads a lengthy one.
 Mamma, while listening to the bells,
 Hugs close her muff of modish size;
 The boys can think of nothing else
 But pudding and mince-pies.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

At any other time of year,
 Papa is to his trembling boys
 A figure fraught with fame and fear,
 Remote from nursery joys;
 All things he knows that *can* be known,
 Most things could do, had he the mind;
 He leaves the King upon the throne
 A hundred miles behind
 But now "Sir Roger's" jiggling tones
 Make this grave autocrat unbend;
 His children find him, for the nonce,
 No parent, but a friend.
 Now to and fro, and up and down,
 He trips, and hums the tune the while,
 And never once is seen to frown
 And many times to smile.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.



Christmas a Hundred Years Ago.

SNAPDRAGON.

Though plums be good in cake and pie,
 (Jack Horner knew it well, I ween),
 They are still better when they lie
 In flames of blue and green.
 Blue is "Papa's majestic nose,
 Mamma has blue and purple hair,
 When from the bowl Snapdragon throws
 Its weird and wavering glare.

And sometimes, as they rise and fall,
 Those flickering points of coloured
 flame,
 You'd think the portrait on the wall
 Was stirring in its frame.
 Poor ancestor! He wants to come
 Once more beside the bowl to stand,
 And catch a brown and flaming plum
 In his pale, painted hand.

STORIES BESIDE THE FIRE.

Dessert is done, the small boys drowse,
 Papa fills up Grandfather's glass;
 "Without a tale from you," he vows,
 "No Christmas, Sir, must pass.
 A tale to make our pulses stir." . . .
 ("Pray, do not frighten us too much!"
 Mamma will interject). "Come, Sir,
 You know a dozen such!"

"'Twas in December, 'eighty-nine"
 (The elders know this tale oft-told),
 "The moon was up . . . the night was fine,
 Although uncommon cold." . . .
 While the long story jogs its way
 The little boys are filled with dread—
 Lest ere it reach its climax they
 Should be condemned to bed.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.



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PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

Continued from Page 52.]

Johnny heard the call as a fighting bull sees the red rag of the toreador's challenge waved at him. He saw the pink flame of Barbara's rumpled muslin on the heights above him. She was sitting down, chin on her hand, her bonnet on the back of her head, her flushed face wilder than ever he had seen it, a light in her eyes which might be either of feminine delirious joy to be fought over, or the flame from an artist soul, liberated by a cup of mulled ale.

"Come on, whipper-snapper of a bloodless artist," bellowed Johnny.

Barbara laughed. Her laughter travelled over the cowslips and primroses, and struck Weymouth like fire. But Doncaster got his blow in first.

"If I win—I see you home," shouted Weymouth to Barbara.

"Hit him, Johnny! Hit him!" called Barbara. Almost a note of panic was in her voice. She watched them.

"Hit him, Johnny!" she almost sobbed.

Johnny grunted. He rushed at Weymouth, and Weymouth's foot slipped.

"Let him go—into the river," called Barbara frantically.

But Weymouth looked up from the edge of the river, deep and heavy, and then came rushing up at Johnny again.

It was over inside two minutes.

"I give up," said Doncaster. "I be beat."

Weymouth stood panting over him. Then went to lean against a tree. Then he walked over to Barbara.

She stared at him, stammering—face aflame.

"You thought," said Weymouth, when he had explained what "collaboration" meant, "that I was pretending you had genius? That I was fooling you. Well, in some measure you were right. I saw the woman first, the artist after. It will always be like that, Barbara—see!"

He opened the note-book.

"I wrote that months ago," he told her.

She stared at the words. "*Barbara Roster Weymouth.*"

They danced suddenly before her eyes, a cotillion of letters, in which the name Roster became suddenly a symbol of a crude, starved life.

"Kiss of me!" she cried suddenly, of Weymouth

She clung to him. Then she recalled the mulled ale.

"No, no!" she said, protesting. Weymouth's arms closed about her.

He had found the tragic lady of his dreams, at a country merry-making. He had saved a woman and an artist. At the moment when he was most right, old Roster had been most wrong.

The Roster-Weymouth pottery, the Roster-Weymouth pictures, after many years, have come down, in cheap make and reprints, to the toiling masses. She has been a widow these many years. In her eyes



Barbara laughed. Her laughter . . . struck Weymouth like fire. But Doncaster got his blow in first.

"I take you home," he told her. She frowned at him.

"So long as you take Johnny with us," she said. Weymouth laughed.

"I knocked him out so that he couldn't come," he told her. "I have something to tell you, Miss Roster, and I've got to get a train just after tea."

"Is he hurt much?" asked Barbara.

Johnny was groaning most abominably.

"No. I took care not to hurt him too much," said Weymouth.

"Would you mind lending me your handkerchief? Mine is messed up!"

She handed it to him and he cleaned his face. Then he took her hand and placed it within his arm, returning her the blood-stained handkerchief.

They walked off—through the glory of the wood, leaving Doncaster groaning abominably. The vapours were clearing away from her brain. She experienced a drooping sense of shame.

"Our picture is hung in the Academy," Weymouth told her. "That brute knew. Our picture. Do you understand? Ours. We can do nothing alone. And he knew."

She stood looking back at Doncaster.

"No," protested Barbara.

"He asked me, months ago, if you would make anything out of drawing," said Weymouth dryly. "Now tell me the meaning of this letter."

are the gathered memories of rich and fruitful days, where she grew and helped Weymouth to grow—where they wrangled in studios, he expostulating against the starkness of her conceptions, she protesting against the mirage-like vagueness of his. Out of them emerged their creations.

But it is of their son she is most proud.

At times she leans upon him, her whitening hair blown by the winds, standing on the heights where the stacks of the Roster-Weymouth factories are turning out their wares.

"Your father was a great man, Roster," she tells him. "But he never saw the folly of beauty emerging from such ugliness."

She points at the jumbles of factory stacks. Her face grows dreamy and wild and tragic and joyous, all in a breath.

"Life and art will some day be one," she tells him; "and not a contradiction. Oh, Roster, there is no beauty but life. It is so small, we gather it up in our hands, and fling its star-dust to a starved, ugly world. Roster, perhaps some day life will be all beautiful, and its reflection all beauty also."

Then, in the dusk, she seems to stare starkly into the smoke-pall.

Latterly, in the lighter sleep of middle-age, Barbara Roster dreams of her mother, and sometimes she draws near as though "to kiss of" her child. "Perhaps it is because Benjamin was married from the house," thinks Barbara Roster gratefully.

[THE END.]

THE WHITE BISHOP'S MOVE.

By E. WINCH.



N some ways the trip had been unfortunate; Carruthers, the Bishop's chaplain, had been left, with fever, in Tulem, on the White Nile; Bimbashi Bone, the District Political Officer, had been called away by an urgent message at the last camp; even Hassan, the suffragi, had been picked up at Kodok to replace a man from Cairo who turned homesick.

"I'm awfully sorry, but if you don't mind my leaving you," Bone had said, "I can overtake you before you reach Seresor. Though my Shilluk only speaks his own lingo, you will find him a good guide and trustworthy. He owes me some gratitude, for I rescued him from slavers."

"Slavers?" repeated the Bishop, startled. "Surely, here, under British rule—"

"Oh, there are none working in British territory, but very occasionally they come out from Abyssinia, smuggling ivory to the Congo, and try to catch slaves in here on the homeward journey. We've a biggish frontier to watch, and the price in Abyssinia is high, particularly for young boys and girls, so they find it worth the risk. Don't look so surprised."

"It does seem strange—after England," said the Bishop. "Slavery is one of the things that belong to the Middle Ages—or 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

Bone smiled and spoke in a lowered voice.

"Between you and me," he said, "I am off after a slaver now, a fellow called Hammad Ibn Nasri, an Arab, of course. He used to be a terror at one time, but he hasn't tried it for several years; one of his men has been seen near Kodok with a string of Dinkas—all mere children. Hope you don't mind my dashing off like this, but I happen to know this Hammad Ibn Nasri by sight, and may be useful."

"I don't mind at all," said the Bishop emphatically, "so long as you catch the scoundrel."

Now, outside his tent, the Bishop sat and watched the sunset. He was in a happy mood, for in spite of heat and inconvenience he was enjoying the experience of this trip to the Sudan. The doctors had ordered him a rest from the work of his Midland diocese, and, seeing that he was not a rich man, the Bishop had been delighted with the offer of this "visit to the Missions," which would provide him with a complete change without expense. Certainly, nothing could be more different from the grey cathedral town set in green pasture-land than this Southern Sudanese plain of bare, black soil, dotted here and there with low sage-coloured shrubs and bathed in ochre light by the setting sun.

Only one thing marred the Bishop's contentment with his visit—the number of Christian converts in this region was deplorably small. Rightly or wrongly, the Government discouraged proselytising among the Mohammedan subjects, and missionary enthusiasm and self-sacrifice made little impression upon the fetish-worshipping negro.

The sun slipped swiftly below the horizon, leaving a trail of copper, rose-red, and palest green; the Bishop's eyes turned from the dazzling brilliance to the fires where dinner was being prepared. Black porters, dressed only in native aprons of leather, were gathered about the blaze making their arrangements for the night; on the outskirts of the group crouched the Shilluk guide, a long, thin negro, with hair dyed yellow, ashes smeared upon his body, and a scant yard of calico, assumed by order of the Bishop, round his loins.

Hassan, the butler, headman and interpreter, white-robed, with a tiny white cap on his head and the tribe-marks of the Berberine on his cheek, watched the workers and criticised without helping their endeavours.

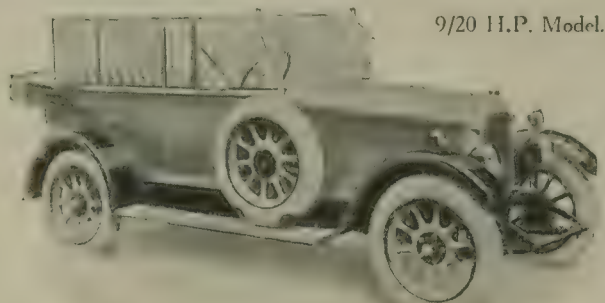
"An excellent man and an earnest Christian," ran the letter which was in Hassan's possession. "Speaks very good English, used to English households and thoroughly understands his work. Known to his Christian fellow servants as 'the father of converts.'" The letter was signed by a well-known missionary in a district further east, and it had satisfied the Bishop. Bimbashi Bone had been more suspicious. "I don't like Mohammedan converts," he had said, "they are rice-Christians as a rule. And that letter is worth nothing. Why, they sell chits openly in the bazaars." The searching questions, however, that he put to the man had been answered well, and there were no other applicants for the post, so Hassan came on with them. He proved an indifferent servant, but his management of the black porters was beyond all praise.

Nevertheless, when the Bishop rose from his chair and made his toilet, in the gathering darkness inside his tent, with a sand-filled, damp sponge, he regretted the loss of Bone. Seresor was twenty miles distant on the Blue Nile, a tiny settlement with but half-a-dozen officials and only two whites; between the Bishop and this shadow of civilisation lay a country full of naked warriors, who were kin to the porters outside, and who had been known to attack travellers. For a fraction of a second the Bishop's thoughts wandered to the revolver which Bone had left as protection, but he sternly turned his mind to the Ninety-first Psalm as a more fitting refuge than the secular weapon.

Outside, Hassan served dinner on the tops of boxes—antelope steaks and tinned fruit. The light of two candles inside glass globes threw a tiny ray, like the arm of a frightened child, towards the larger glow of the fires.

"Saat-el-Pasha," said Hassan, bending over to fill the Bishop's glass. "I have great news."

[Continued overleaf.]



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"News of what?" asked the Bishop, surprised.

"Of my brother, Saat-ak. He is humble native Christian missionary in country further south," stated Hassan glibly.

"Really?" said the Bishop, with interest. "I didn't know that."

"It is true," said Hassan. "To-night he sends me messages."

"How did he come to know you were here?" asked the Bishop sharply.

"The fame of Saat-el-Pasha is everywhere, both on heaven and earth," returned Hassan uneasily. "The position of his servants is as clear as the stars that are round the moon."

"What did your brother want?" put in the Bishop, unimpressed.

"He wished me to tell the Saat-el-Pasha that the Gospel has been spread in dark places," said Hassan, with a lyrical note in his voice.

"Oh!" said his lordship, wondering what reply was expected. "I am glad to hear it."

"That we knew," said Hassan with conviction, "but owing to delayed ordaining and lack of water during dry season, baptisms are not forthcoming. Wherefore converts are dissatisfied, and have followed him to camp of fountain-head for admission to Church and for salvation's sake."

"Do you mean they are here?" asked the Bishop incredulously.

"They await the Saat-el-Pasha's orders outside the camp," Hassan assured him, waving one hand towards the darkness.

"Good heavens! Where is your brother?"

"Ola! Hamd!" cried Hassan, by way of an answer.

From the blackness of the night a black figure detached itself and came forward into the lamplight, where it stood revealed as a man, hook-nosed and handsome, of a pale golden complexion, and draped in a putty-coloured burnouse and head-dress. He stood, with patient dignity, looking at the suffragi.

"You wanted to see me?" asked the Bishop.

The man shook his head, and Hassan interposed: "My brother is blessed of no education, he speak only native tongues."

"Ask him, then," commanded the Bishop, "where these converts are, and how many want to be baptised."

Hassan spoke in Arabic, and the man answered in the same language.

"Thirty, within a short distance," the suffragi translated at last; after what sounded like an argument.

"All wanting to be baptised?" cried the Bishop in astonishment.

Hassan nodded. "Baptism, Saat-ak, and also shelter from lions for the night," he confirmed.

The Bishop considered. "You had better put them with the porters," he said at last. "We will discuss the question of baptism in the morning."

Hassan conveyed this message to the still figure by his side; with a superb gesture the man touched his head, lips, and heart, then silently as a wild animal faded into the night.

For half an hour after dinner had ended the Bishop smoked and considered the situation. Looking towards the fire he noticed that the porters were crouching in speechless clusters round it; the Shilluk had disappeared. He was still smoking, when a curious and motley collection of natives filed into the lamplight and stood round him in a semi-circle, Hassan at one end, the man who called himself his brother at the other. Each of the converts wore a covering, but the garments varied from a strip of orange muslin round a boy of about eight, to a pair of pyjamas worn by a girl not more than seventeen years old, and the eldest of the group.

The Bishop, one hand shading his eyes, let his glance travel slowly round these new additions to the Christian faith until it rested finally on the pink coat and trousers of the girl. No ripple of laughter twisted his well-schooled lips, but there was a faintly humorous expression in his gaze as it returned to Hassan.

"Do any of them speak English?" he asked.

"None, Saat-ak. These are from the far south."

"Ask them, then, if they want to be baptised."

Hassan spoke to his brother, who, in turn, rapped out some sharp monosyllables to his followers; with one accord they nodded.

"Some of these are surely a little young. Do they—ah—understand the tenets of the Christian faith?" protested the Bishop.

"All these are Christians," declared Hassan stoutly. "They speak catechism in native tongue, and will pay offertory at baptism, if the Saat-el-Pasha will extend protection against wild beasts until the river is reached."

"Ah!" said the Bishop thoughtfully, as if struck by this remarkable inducement to proceed with the baptismal rites. "Well, I will see about it to-morrow."

"Then you will save their souls, Saat-ak?" asked Hassan, with genuine anxiety.

The Bishop's impersonal gaze rested lingeringly on his headman before he answered, "I hope so—I sincerely hope so."

He watched the converts being marched towards the camp fire, then turned to his tent. "I wonder if I could trust any one of those porters," he muttered as he went in. Before he settled down to sleep, he wrote a letter and addressed it to Bone, putting "Very urgent" across one corner.

Towards two o'clock in the morning he awakened with a start. Something was creeping about in the tent, and a strong, acrid smell made

[Continued overleaf.]



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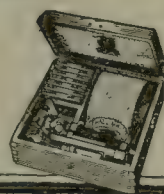
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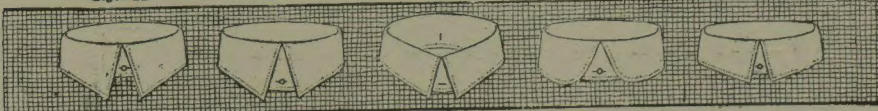
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the place seem stifling. An electric torch lay near the Bishop's hand, he switched it on and met the rolling eyes of the Shilluk guide. "Ah!" he said. "It's you!"

The man was lying flat on the earth, in such a fashion that the side of the tent concealed him from anyone near the camp fire. He was in obvious distress, and gestured many times, first to the fire and then towards the west; he spoke in his own language.

"Quite so," said the Bishop, and switched off the tell-tale light with a suddenness that made the dark seem solid. There was a rustle as of paper changing hands.

"Bimbashi Bone," said the Bishop, and again, more clearly, "Bimbashi Bone."

No answer came, but the acrid smell grew fainter until, after many minutes, it was no longer perceptible upon the hot night air. Early in the morning, when the first grey dawn tinged the sky, Hassan brought tea. The Bishop drank it and watched the man lay out his clothes and put the tiny cup of hot water, a mere drop in this waterless land, into the canvas shaving-bowl.

"You can tell your brother," said the Bishop, as his servant turned to leave, "that I cannot baptise here." Hassan looked troubled, but before he could protest, his master went on. "We have only the water that we carry, and there is no well; but if he and his converts are coming to the river, I can baptise all these people there. We shall get there, I understand, about four o'clock this afternoon."

With a satisfied smile, Hassan bowed and went away. It was not until the mules and porters had been loaded that the Bishop called him up once more.

"Where's the guide—the Shilluk?" he asked sharply.

"He has left," said Hassan.

"Why?"

"How should I know, Saat-ak? Perhaps he had business in his village; perhaps a lion has dragged him away," said Hassan.

"We ought to go and look for him, then," objected the Bishop.

"We are short of water," urged Hassan. "If the man is alive, he runs too fast for us to find him—or he is already eaten."

"But we can't go on without a guide," declared the Bishop.

"My brother knows the country well," said Hassan eagerly. "He will lead us himself."

Apparently convinced, the Bishop gave the signal to start, and the long procession began to move, in a thin cloud of black dust, towards the rising sun.

But, in spite of all the arguments that Hassan could put forward for haste, they moved slowly. Twice the Bishop stopped to take photographs of herds of antelope; at twelve he lunched; and it was past five when they reached the shrunken stream running between steep banks,

and knew that they were beside the Blue Nile. Sand, a few clumps of water reeds, and to the south some elephant grass nine feet high; behind them lay the black plain, and eastward, in the distance, a range of hills that marked the Abyssinian border. Rather anxiously the Bishop looked north and south, while men and beasts watered themselves at the river. But when Hassan and his brother rose, their eyes turned to the east, and it seemed to the Bishop that they, too, were anxious. He glanced at his watch.

"I will baptise now," he announced.

With much fumbling, scattering of loads and execration of the porters, Hassan unearthed the prelate's books and vestments; dishes were laid out with water, and duly consecrated; the congregation, arranged by the Bishop in a horse-shoe with the two leaders well to the front, faced to the east, and the service began. Hassan interpreted, smiling; but his brother seemed disturbed, and kept mumbling to himself in Arabic, and spitting on the ground. Without heeding the behaviour of the native missionary, the Bishop went deliberately on his way, and certainly no Bishop was ever more deliberate; every question was translated singly to each convert; every statement was repeated thirty times; and, before the Bishop reached his address, the single sponsor and interpreter was hoarse, and the sun was low in the west.

Suddenly and without any warning, the Bishop broke off in the middle of a sentence and yelled aloud, full-throated and jubilant. For a second Hassan and his brother stared, then, following the Bishop's gaze, they swung round to the south.

The line of elephant grass hung like a silver wall lit by the vertical rays of the sun, and against this background moved armed men, led by two white officers and Bone.

Hassan and his brother, in obedience to a sharp command, flung up their hands. They were swiftly surrounded and disarmed.

"Many thanks, Bishop," cried Bone, trotting forward over the broken ground. "The Shilluk found me this morning, and delivered your letter. That message to me was a blind, probably fixed up by that fellow, Hassan. The other is our man all right—Hammad Ibn Nasri. How did you get on to him?"

"It was something you told me about slavers getting a good price for very young boys and girls," explained the Bishop. "That and his mistake in clothing his converts." He waved his hand at the children, who were clinging to one another.

"Surely the missionaries would have dressed them?" protested Bone.

"Possibly," admitted the Bishop, "but not in the pyjamas of a visiting Bishop." He looked blandly at his late congregation, and added: "Baptism by force is not recognised by the Church, but I am still inclined to believe that I have saved thirty souls to-day."—[THE END.]

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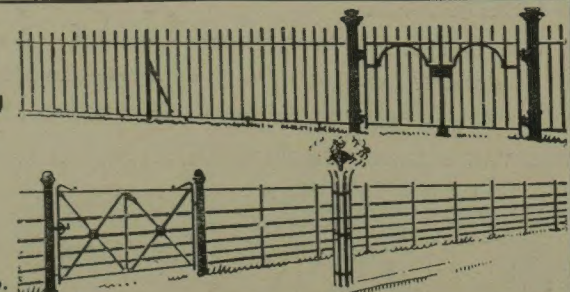
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